Carmel Pacific

Spectator Journal

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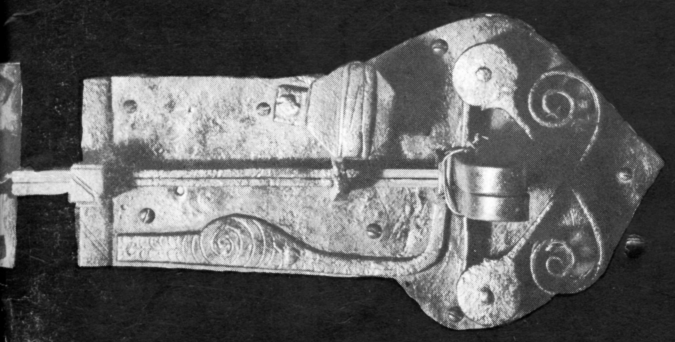
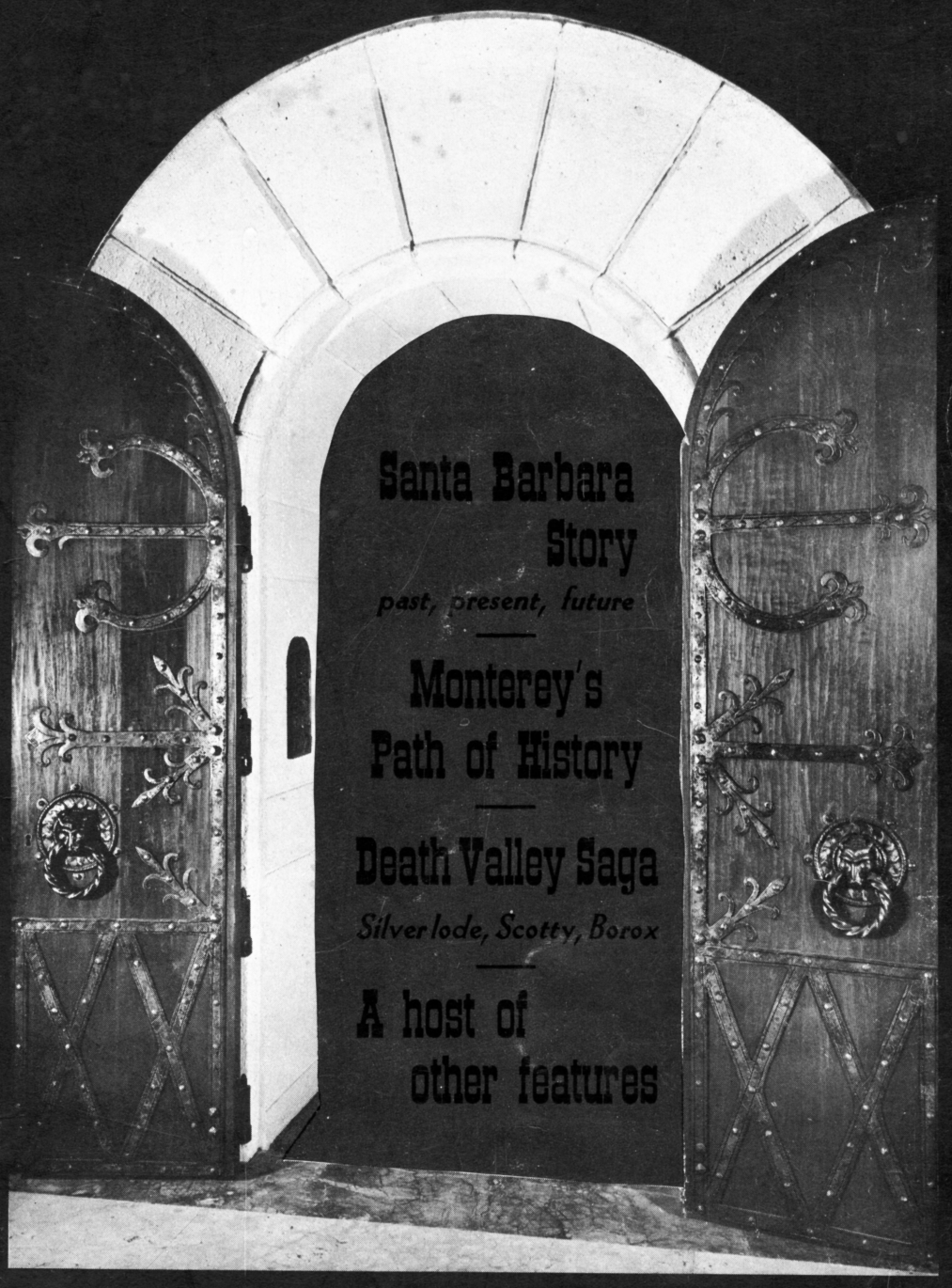
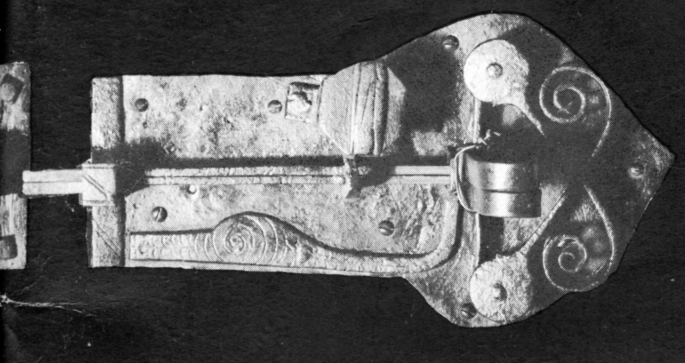
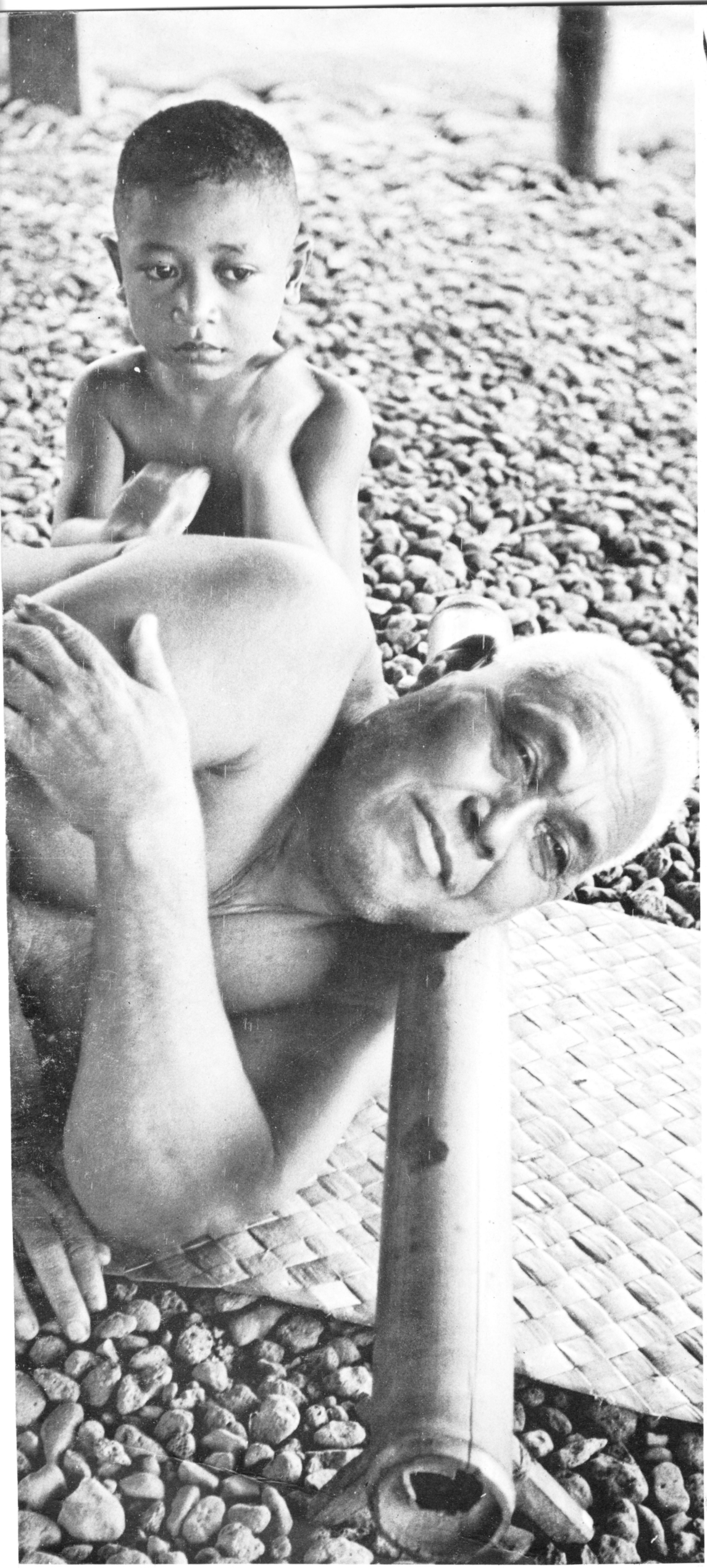






California's Most Definitive Book-Magazine



FROM GLAMOR TO GUTS, a portfolio of the work and worlds of Photographer Don Ornitz—see pages 40 *to* 50. *Left, Samoan chief and grandson resting; right, a Hollywood starlet.*

Carmel Pacific
Spectator Journal

EMPIRE ALBUM

$1.50

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  by Eric Barker

Thorne Hall
EDITOR, PUBLISHER, OWNER

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California's Most Definitive Book-Magazine

MONASTERY SHADOWS . . . Santa Barbara Mission. Photo by Karl Obert.

THE SANTA BARBARA STORY

SUNRISE Santa Barbara Harbor. Photo and title page photo both by Brett Weston.

The past two decades have seen the State of California multiply into the biggest State in the union. Population has surged across her wide borders, doubling her again and again until the face if not the character of most of her communities has changed, become hardly recognizable.

Through all the uproar of these furious years, Santa Barbara has slumbered peacefully. The big white breakers have tumbled with monotonous regularity on her long, wide beaches. A few houses have been added here and there; a few more people, but still she remains the most unchanged community in the State to any Rip Van Winkle returning from a two-score nap.

Only in the last two years has time finally caught up with Santa Barbara. The tremors of the mid-twentieth century California revolution seeped into her sinews.

How much it will change her for good or bad will depend on her leadership, the character and development of her past and her peculiar geography.

Santa Barbara today is an autonomous metropolitan center of some 56,000 persons, lodged on a 30 mile coastal plain of an eight mile width. Flanked by the ocean and the Channel Islands on one side, it is guarded by the fast-rising Los Padres range on the other.

Santa Barbara at a glance is a clean-looking, beautiful city, outwardly effusing wealth, with enough white buildings and tile roofs to give the appearance of a sympathetic Spanish architecture.

It is one of the most mature, stable communities in California, a place where more than a few businessmen can say their grandfathers were born or came from. It is a place where on a return visit you find the same hotel clerk or government official that has been there for thirty years. This is an unusual phenomenon in present day Californiana.

Santa Barbara is a city that was a town when much of California was still a jack-rabbit paradise, San Francisco, an encampment. It had a population of 4,000 in 1880 when Los Angeles was an adobe village of 10,000. (See old litho print of Santa Barbara 1877, pages 8-9).

It was a going incorporated city, containing the first producing oil wells in the State and West, when Stonewall Jackson's Confederate Army penetrated Pennsylvania in 1862.

It had a population of nearly 40,000 before California broke into its second immigrant rush in the late thirties and early forties. Then, its sister-like community in Northern California, the Monterey Peninsula, had a total of less than 10,000 for its grouping of three towns, compared to a present fast-growing 80,000.

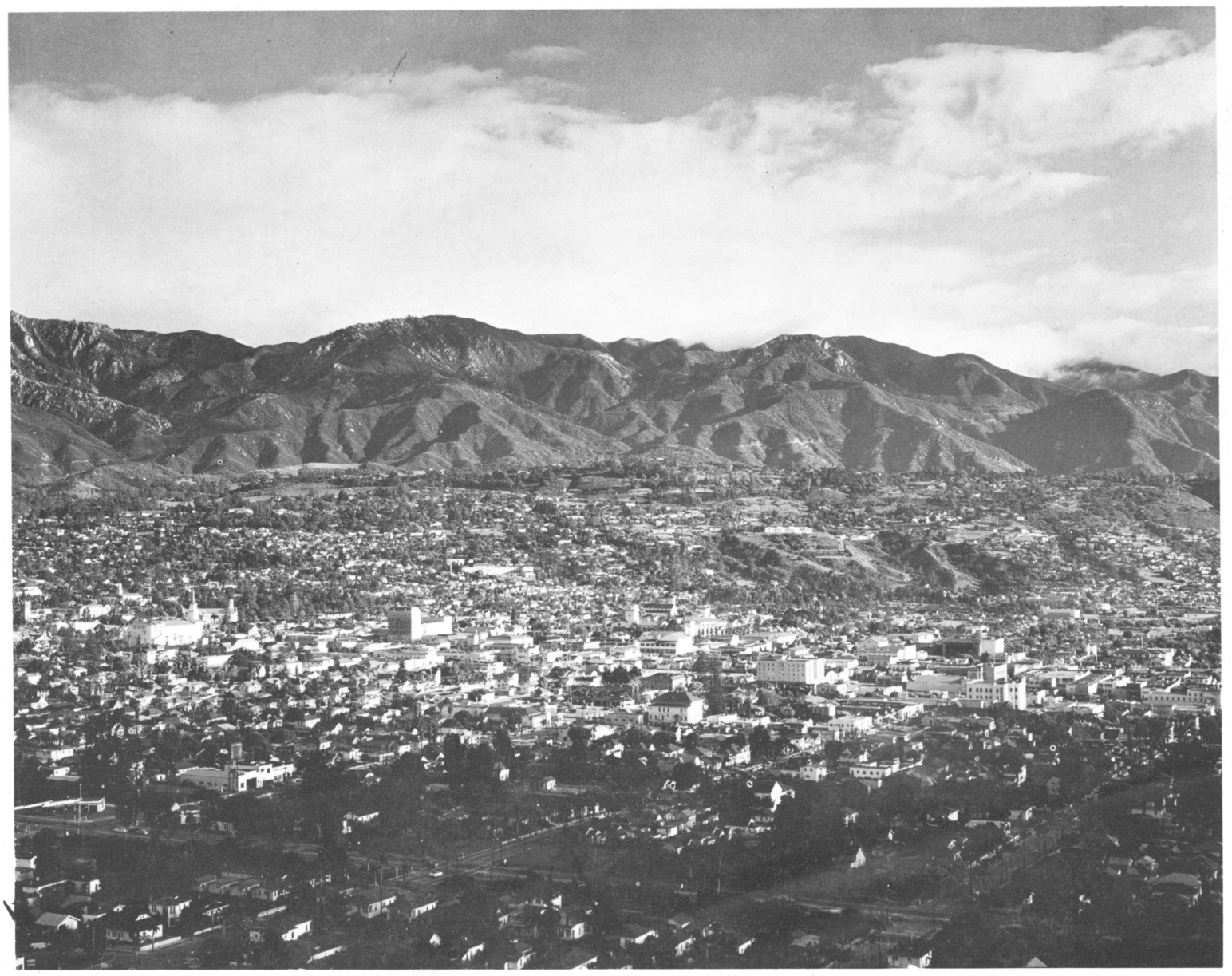
Santa Barbara at a glance is many things, sometimes an enigma. It is a drowsy looking town in the Southern California sun whose exterior shields one of the most civic-minded populations in the State. A city that has an expensive recreation program second to none; a small town willing to spend $18,000 a year for a superintendent of schools, more than a Congressman gets.

It is a friendly community of sophisticates that accepts its culture without pretentions. It has a major university, the University of California at Santa Barbara, other smaller colleges, one of the outstanding museums of art on the Pacific Coast, a Music Academy of the West, a Museum of Natural History, a highly touted Botanical Garden, a lively theater circle, a wide selection of artists, writers and photographers, many of whom got their start there. It has more bookstores per capita than any other community in the state, including Berkeley.

It is a city that movie producers have long called the Boston of the West, shown their previews to for reaction before releasing them for

(Continued on page 11)

TWO VIEWS OF Santa Barbara. Top picture is taken from the Riviera. In the distance can be seen the Channel Islands. Bottom picture taken from a Mesa area hilltop shows the reverse view of Santa Barbara. Photos by Brett Weston.



Drawn and Published by E. S. Glover.

1—*Santa Barbara College*
2—*St. Vincent School*
3—*Public School Buildings*
4—*Old Mission School*
5—*Episcopal Church*
6—*Presbyterian Church*
7—*Catholic Church*
8—*Methodist Church*
9—*Baptist Church*
10—*Congregational Church*
11—*Episcopal Church*
12—*County Court House*
13—*City Offices*
14—*Theatre Building*

BIRD'S EY

SANTA B

CALIFOR

Looking North to the S

E VIEW OF

ARBARA,

NIA, 1877.

nta Barbara Mountains.

15—*Arlington Hotel*
16—*Occidental Hotel*
17—*Morris House*
18—*I.O.O.F. Hall and Library*
19—*Santa Barbara Press Office*
20—*Santa Barbara County Bank*
21—*National Gold Bank*
22—*Mission Canyon*
23—*Sycamore Canyon*
24—*Hot Springs*
25—*Oil District*
26—*Quicksilver Mine*
27—*Rockland Tract*

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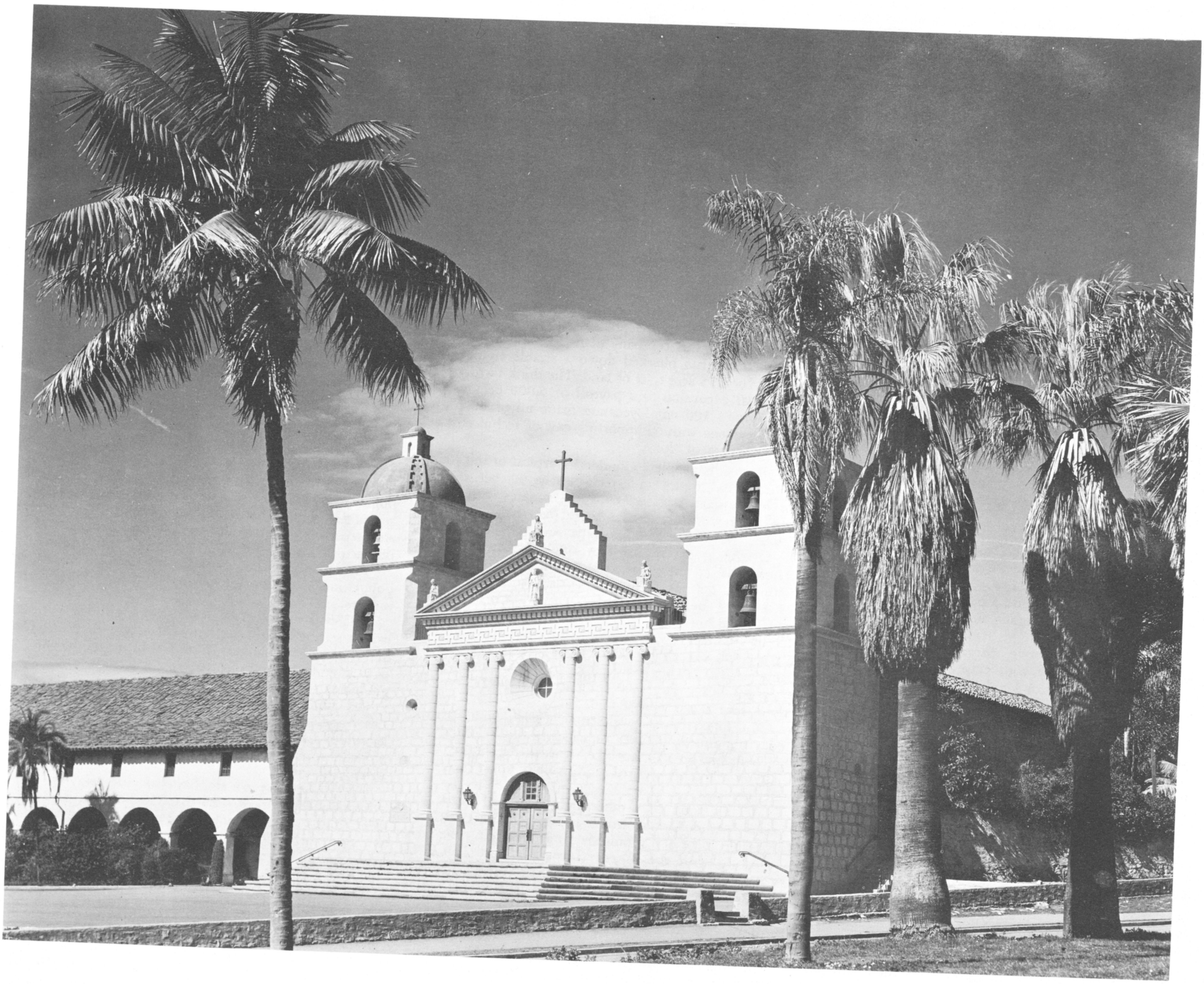
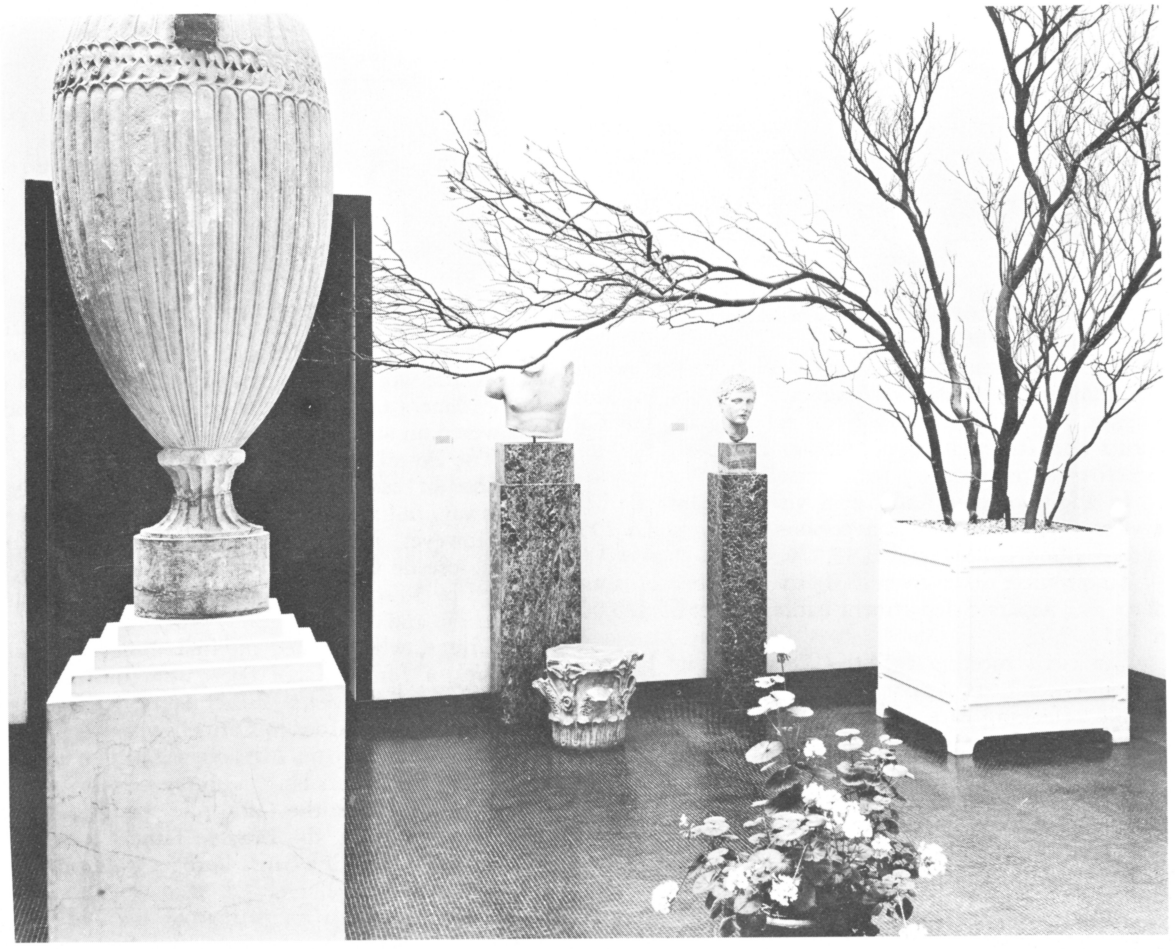


SANTA BARBARA MISSION. *Photo by Brett Weston.*

SANTA BARBARA'S famed Museum of Art is shown in top photo. Museum is house in the remodeled old Post Office Building on State Street. Although a heavy emphasis is placed on modern, art, collections include ancient, Renaissance and modern-conservative as well. It is and has been financed both by private donations and the Santa Barbara County Government kicking in a portion. See story.
Below are pictures of the El Paseo, originally the De La Guerra adobe, and a view of State Street looking toward the ocean. Brett Weston photos.



THE SANTA BARBARA STORY

THE SANTA BARBARA STORY

(Continued from page 11)

Storke, although a vigorous 82, would probably like to step down from the board, but will not do so until it is assured that a Santa Barbara appointment will replace him.

Another major impetus in the Santa Barbara revolution lies in its discovery by Los Angeles visitors and other tourists.

The inhabitants of the great thrifty drug store-like conglomoration that is Los Angeles, sneezing and rubbing their eyes from smog, have more and more slipped away on weekends to Santa Barbara. All many await is the assurance that they can make a living there to make the visit permanent.

Further impetus has been gathered from the increasing number of winter and summer visitors to Santa Barbara. Not only are they from out of State, but California and its swelling population is rapidly building an active tourist industry within itself.

In addition to its individual visitors, Santa Barbara services several hundred conventions each year. In 1956 its convention visitors totaled 35,370.

To promote its conventions, its Chamber of Commerce as a separate department had a budget of $25,000 in 1957.

The city's meeting facilities, including its Fox Arlington Theater, its Armory and its Lobero Theater, are capable of taking care of conventions up to 5000 persons. It has 75 motels and 33 hotels able to accommodate 8000 visitors a night.

Many of the visitors return to live there. Undoubtedly they figure heavily in the Santa Barbara retail sales that totaled $150,018,000 in 1956, up 12 per cent over 1955. Santa Barbara's retail sales for the first half of 1957 were $67,930.

Santa Barbara's convention activities are augmented by such visitor-dollar attractions as Semana Nautica, a week-long event, dedicated to the sportsmen of the sea; its national dog show, an American Kennel Club bench show held at Hope Ranch, which usually corners about 1000 of the top bluebloods and their masters; a national horse show, one of the most genuine and spectacular equestrian events remaining in the State; several big flower shows and the annual national sports car races.

Its major event, of course, is its lengthy annual Fiesta. It is to Santa Barbara what the California Rodeo is to Salinas, the Bach Festival to Carmel, or the Tournament of Roses to Pasadena.

Among other events it is one of the few places in the Nation that still maintains polo games on weekends. A few miles distant, in dramatic contrast, hopped up hotrods compete each week before crowds numbering 5,000 in the Carpinteria dust bowl.

Still another facet of its visitor-dollar is Santa Barbara's high society. Mostly a spectator-rich group that diletantes between Montecito and Hope Ranch, the Biltmore's Cabaña and other lesser-known bistros, and containing some genuine energetic contributors to the community's welfare, it comprises many of the really top drawer, blue-book bloods of America. In California it rivals San Francisco in outstanding veins.

Its weekend and seasonal guests are many, often come from the top original drawers of New Orleans, Boston, New York or Richmond.

Santa Barbara's present traces of revolutionary throes have caused problems, many of which are typical on different scales of other California communities.

That Santa Barbara may well handle them differently is a forgone conclusion; at the same time one cannot evaluate either its problems or prophesy its future without a careful look into its history and some of its major personalities.

The character of a community, like a nation's, is not built in weeks; it is a long development, measured in time, its history and its people.

Santa Barbara got its start early in American history.

Juan Cabrillo, a Portuguese navigator, whose shekels like Columbus', came from the Spanish Crown, pushed a couple of pint-sized vessels into Santa Barbara Bay in 1542.

Before he broke an arm and was buried on a Channel Island, he was greeted by a fleet of Indian canoes, the Yanoli or Canaliño Indians that rowed out of the Mission Creek canal to say "Howdi". They lived on the present site of Santa Barbara and history records that the coast housed some 15,000 who blended their knowledge of fishing and canoes with an agricultural bent.

Archeologists have discovered that these inhabitants, possibly of Alaskan origin with a 2000 year squatter's lease on the land, were preceded if not blended with a higher culture of flat-nose Mongolian types. Archeologists also, digging in the Channel Island some 30 miles distant from the Santa Barbara Coast, have found Mastadons and other prehistoric animal fossils, predicating a still earlier genesis, and suggesting that the Islands themselves were once a part of the mainland.

By the time Cabrillo's discovery paid off a couple of centuries later, 1769, with an overland visit by Capt. J. Gasper de Portola and Father Juan Crespi, the Canaliño Indians were firmly entrenched in Santa Barbara, had used up many of its best sites for graveyards, one for women and one for men.

According to Father Crespi's diary, the Indians were mainly monogamous, though chiefs were allowed two wives; the women were treated in higher regard than by most American tribes. The natives were friendly and showered an abundance of food on their visitors.

The Portola expedition across California was for the purpose of establishing an El Camino Real, or Royal Highway, and a string of Missions.

However, it was not until thirteen years later that Capt. Jose de Ortega and Father Junipero Serra, accompanied by 36 soldiers, returned to Santa Barbara to found a Presidio and a Mission.

Ortega, who insisted on first things first, and first meaning a fort; delayed beginning construction of the Mission for four years. Father Serra, crushed after two years, returned by foot to Carmel, where he died.

The Santa Barbara Mission was begun in 1786 and completed four years later, with the help of Indian labor. It was the tenth in the California string to be built.

On completion, the Mission fathers found that they had to contend with a Santa Barbara trait, prosperity and reluctance to change.

In the first few years few of the Indians showed up to have their babies baptized or to take the faith; this was largely because the natives already enjoyed more prosperity than the Spanish soldiers and could see little reason to change their ways.

Gradually, however, the resistance was overcome.

Ortega, for his good work both in Santa Barbara and later as commandant of the Presidio at Monterey, was given a big grant of land, Rancho Refugio de Ortega.

Incidentally this ranch, now a combined bird sanctuary and producing oil field of Signal Oil company, lying 25 miles north of the city limits of Santa Barbara, was shelled by a Japanese submarine in World War II. No damage was done to speak of but it bears the distinction of being the only part of American soil shelled by a foreign power for over a century.

Spanish settlers were encouraged to come to Santa Barbara by being paid $116.50 annually for the first two years and $60 for the next three. In addition, they were given clothing and other necessary articles at cost, use of government lands for cultivation, pasture, wood and water, and the right to sell their surplus.

However, cultivation and growing of crops in both San Luis Obispo and Santa Barbara Counties preceded the coming of the Spanish.

Santa Barbara had progressed to the point by 1793, that an English explorer, Vancouver, visiting the town rated it "by far more civilized than any other Spanish establishment".

It was not unusual, therefore, when Mexico and other Latin American countries rebelled against Spain in the early 1820's that all the Santa Barbarans did was to haul down the flag of Spain and run up the Mexican flag.

Santa Barbara in the first half of the 19th century gained further prosperity and an influx of Yankee and English citizens.

The prosperity came from ships willing to trade goods for cattle hides and beef, and many an early cattle baron was made.

By 1850 its cattle were driven on foot to San Francisco, for the manufacture of hides, tallow, as well as to supply food for the '49ers.

The Eastern Yankee soon made a place for himself in the community. In many cases he changed to Mexican citizenship, became a Catholic, and married a Spanish Don's daughter.

A typical case is that of Joseph Chapman, a pirate who became one of the city's leading citizens.

On his arrival in Santa Barbara in 1818 on jumping ship, he was met by an angry posse which was bent on executing him for his ship's sacking the Ortega ranch.

He talked himself out of the hanging, ended up marrying Guadalupe Ortega, the heiress of the very ranch that he had help sack.

Other immigrants were otter hunters. Many of the Americans jumped ship and stayed while the Russians usually took on water and supplies and left.

Another gentle spurt to Santa Barbara's growth was the publication in 1836 of Richard Dana's *Two Years Before The Mast.*

Dana left Harvard before graduating because of weak eyes. He shipped as a common sailor aboard the merchant ship Pilgrim, that travelled up and down the California coast between 1834-36. Later he returned to college and published a narrative of his travels which is a classic both on the life of the seaman of the time and early Californiana.

Dana described Santa Barbara's fine climate, its fine coast, cattle farms, and the gracious living of its inhabitants, causing a few more adventuresome Easterners to settle there.

Dana also gives an interesting slant on the domestic relations of the Californian of the era.

"The men art thriftless, proud, and extravagant, and very much given to gaming; and the women have but little education, and a good deal of beauty, and their morality, of course is none of the best; yet the instances of infidelity are much less frequent than one would at-first suppose.

"In fact, one vice is set over against another; and thus something like a balance is obtained. The women have but little virtue, but then the jealousy of their husbands is extreme, and their revenge deadly and almost certain. A few inches of cold steel has been the punishment of many an unwary man, who has been guilty, perhaps of nothing more than indiscretion of manner. The difficulties of the attempt are numerous, and the consequences of discovery fatal. With the unmarried women, too, great watchfulness is used. The main object of the parents is to marry their daughters well, and to this, the slightest slip would be fatal.

"The sharp eyes of a dueña, and the cold steel of a father or brother, are a protection which the characters of most of them—men and women—render by no means useless; for the very men who would lay down their lives to avenge the dishonor of their own family would risk the same lives to complete the dishonor of another."

Dana goes on to observe:

"The Americans and Englishmen, who are fast filling up the principal towns, and getting the trade into their hands, are indeed more industrious and effective than the Spaniards; yet their children are brought up Spaniards, in every respect, and if the 'California fever' (laziness) spares the first generation, it always attacks the second."

Dana's book practically became a bible on California when the Gold of 1849 occurred since it was the only knowledgeable book on the California coast written. It was carried in the knapsacks of many a '49er.

Dana went on to become a famous Eastern lawyer as well as a writer; revisited the California coast in 1860, 24 years later. He wrote an agenda to his original book, and mentions Santa Barbara:

"And there lies Santa Barbara on its plain, with its amphitheatre of high hills and distant mountains. There is the old white Mission with its belfries and there the town, with its one story adobe houses, with here and there a two story wooden house of later build; yet little is it altered—the same repose in the golden sunlight and glorious climate, sheltered by its hills. . . .

"Santa Barbara has gained but little. I should not know, from anything I saw, that she was now a seaport of the United States, a part of the enterprising Yankee nation, and not still a lifeless Mexican town."

At the same Dana writes of San Francisco:

"How strange and eventful has been the brief history of this marvelous city, San Francisco! In 1835 there was a one board shanty. In 1836, one adobe house on the same spot. In 1847, a population of four hundred and fifty persons . . . it is now (1859) of nearly one hundred thousand inhabitants."

When Santa Barbara was incorporated in 1850 it had a population of 2,000 persons, of which 1000 were Caucasian, the remainder Indians. At that time land values in its seemingly inexhaustible expanse were extremely cheap. Land in Carpinteria sold for 25 cents an acre. Mentecito values were higher at 50 to 75 cents an acre. Three city lots were sold in 1856 for a buck each.

Santa Barbara was almost completely bypassed by the gold rush of the Sacramento country and Nevada's Comstock Lode. And it missed out on the Death Valley boom of silver, gold and borax.

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HOMEWARD BOUND on the San Marcos Pass. Photo by Karl Obert.

Inland between Santa Barbara and the resort of Ojai lies the rich Ojai Valley, where this ranch scenic was taken.

THE SANTA BARBARA STORY

Some 40 miles from Santa Barbara over the San Marcos Pass are the villages of Solvang and Santa Ynez. The main street of Solvang is shown here. It was founded in 1911 by a Danish-American Corporation as a Danish community. Today the center of a rural farm area, a large percentage of its population still are first and second generation Dane descendants. But other than a few of the town's buildings, the presence of good Danish pastries in bakery shops, and several Danish festival celebrations a year, there is little to call to mind that this is a Danish community. It is sometimes a disappointment to visitors, who expect to see a slice of Denmark come to life in the valley of the Santa Ynez River. If the town would concentrate its architecture on a Danish theme it might well be of more commercial advantage.
PHOTOS by Brett Weston.

(Continued from page 14)

It did, however, feel a few vibrations from Senator Jones' attempts to push Santa Monica, during his Panamint City boom. (See Death Valley Saga in this issue.)

Santa Barbara's slow, reasoned growth seemed to continue despite what happened elsewhere. It was accentuated in the three next decades by its development as a health resort, promotion of oil and the eventual late coming of the railroad.

In 1872 Charles Nordhoff, grandfather of the Charles Nordhoff who collaborated with James Hall on the best seller, *Mutiny on the Bounty,* visited Santa Barbara. He published a best-seller on his travels that labeled it the "world's most ideal health resort."

Nordhoff, who came back to settle in Santa Barbara, also attracted, like Lincoln Steffens later in Carmel, a following of artists, writers, and the wealthy. He plugged for Santa Barbara's becoming a center for the cultured regardless of economic income.

Santa Barbara's oil was discovered in 1862, with the first wells lying on the land of the foothills of the Los Padres range.

In 1868 a seepage of oil was noted near Ortega Hill. This field, however, was not exploited until a spiritualist colony settled the village of Summerland on the Santa Barbara borders to the south, struck oil while drilling a water well in 1895. Old-timers there can remember piping in free gas to their houses, practically from the surface of the ground.

The Summerland Oil Company constructed wharves into the sea, the first sea drilling in American history, the rusted remains of which are still visible today.

The Summerland development caused a boom, placed the country's oil production third in the state until higher grade fields were discovered elsewhere. Even the Southern Pacific, a decade after discovery, took advantage of the oil to advertise in its then sponsored publication, *Sunset Magazine,* that passengers can actually see oil wells in operation from its big windowed coaches.

Santa Barbara's biggest oil boom to date came from its Elwood fields, 20 some miles north of the city limits. They were first brought in in 1927 and have been a major producer since.

An interesting repeat seems to be in the offing today with the tidelands drilling. Standard Oil is sinking a new well at the outskirts of Summerland, which rumors hold may be another major strike.

If so, it will cause problems in Santa Barbara's successful attempt so far to keep the coast in front of the city free of oil drillings.

By the 1870's, Santa Barbara had obtained its first telegraph, lit up its city with gas lights, had established Santa Barbara College, two main wharves, including Stearns Wharf, that shared in California's budding lumber freight-trade which was then shipped by boat.

Santa Barbara went on in the next few years to pave most of its streets, have a horse-drawn trolley, a couple of newspapers.

The scale of its early development of a town of 4000 persons is clearly shown in the old stone-litho original of 1877, reprinted on pages 8 and 9, and obtained with no little difficulty by this publication.

Santa Barbara might have developed more rapidly if its railroad had not been so long delayed. It was not until 1887 that the town celebrated the arrival of the Southern Pacific branch line from Saugus on the Los Angeles-Bakersfield run. It took to the turn of the century plus an additional year before a reluctant Southern Pacific ran its first coast train on the Southern Pacific Coast Line from San Francisco to Los Angeles.

The Southern Pacific line, which conveniently for the railroad only slices through some of the top real estate districts of Santa Barbara, Montecito and the Miramar Beach, has been both a boon and a headache to the city ever since.

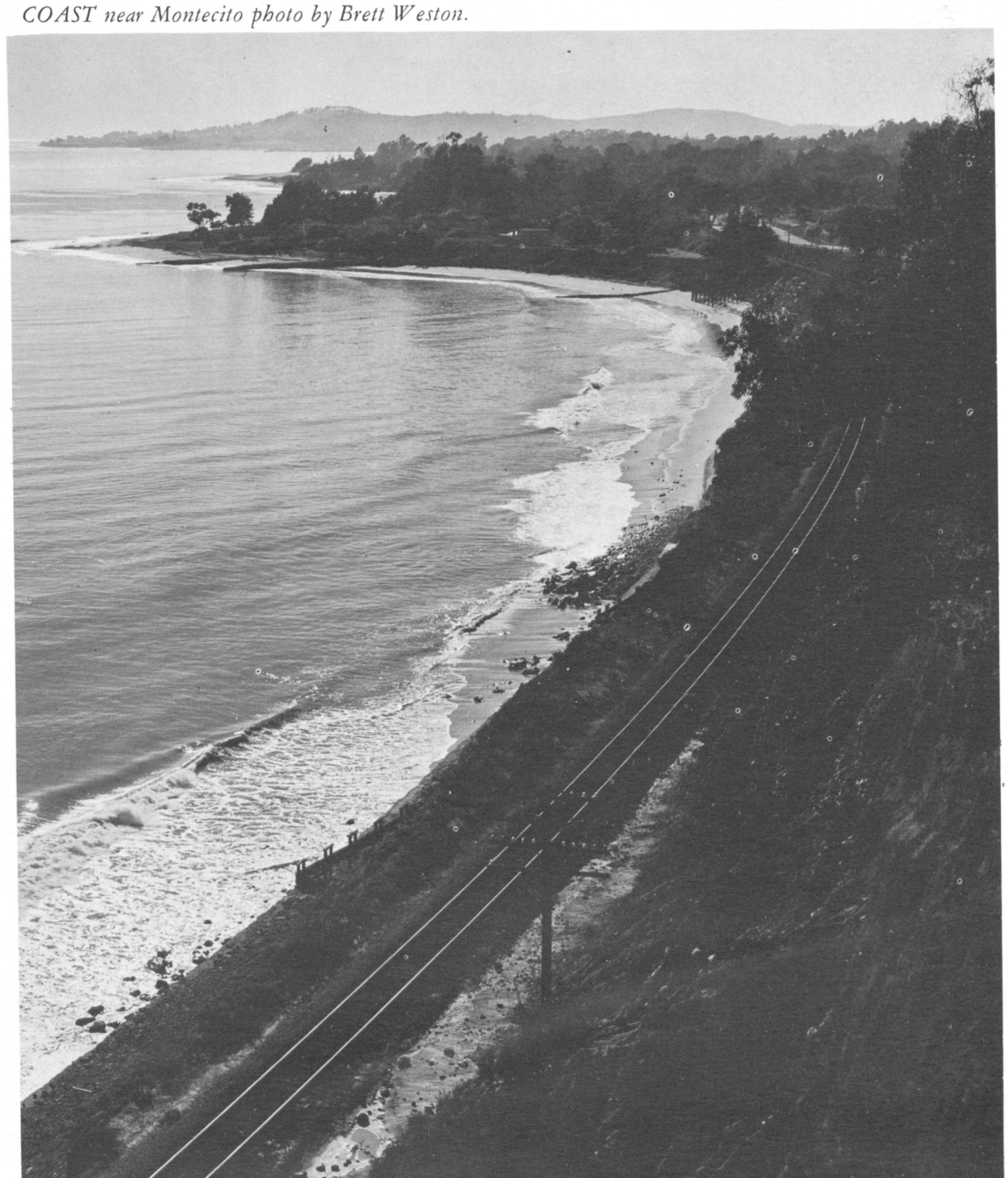
In fairness to the railroad, it has had a genuine problem because of the limited coastal width of the city.

Only the continual harassment of its city government, residents and newspapers—"this is not a one horse town" —prevent its freight trains from tying up car traffic for hours. In a more progressive age of railroading and of lower costs, the railroad would have possibly built underground to accommodate the beauty of the town and the citizenry, but in an age when the mainstay of railroads is freight instead of people (passengers), there is little hope that such an ordinary vision of harmonizing beauty be adopted.

Continued

STEARNS WHARF photo by Karl Obert.

COAST near Montecito photo by Brett Weston.



(Continued from page 19)

THE SANTA BARBARA STORY

T. M. STORKE, above. House he built, the News-Press, below. Photos by Brett Weston.

At the turn of the century Santa Barbara had a cosmopolitan population of 6,587 persons. It continued a slow mushrooming growth. In 1901 Milo Potter, a Los Angeles hotel man, built a plush hotel, costing $150,000, a healthy figure in those days. On a 30 acre tract, it was capable of entertaining 1,000 guests. The adjacent suburb of Mentecito, in that age of showing one's wealth, became a center of huge luxurious estates.

By 1920 its population had reached 20,000. More and more businesses, starting with the venturesome Jordano Stores, decided to risk locating on other streets than State, one of the longest main streets in California and now having a separate adjunct named upper State Street.

By now Santa Barbarans were looking with growing aprehension at its almost midwestern-looking main street. The location during World War I of even a small aircraft factory was causing alarm. It later moved to Santa Monica.

Santa Barbara's fear of ending up with a 'gringo' appearance was quickly exploded on June 29, 1925, when an earthquake rocked the town, split open its Sheffield Reservoir, spilling 40,000,000 gallons of water down Sycamore Canyon to the sea. The quake destroyed 14 blocks of State Street; damage amounted to over $20,000,000.

Picking itself up from the earthquake, the city, spurred by its civic minded citizens, decided to rebuild with a Spanish architectural slant as well as earthquake-proof buildings.

Playing a prominent part in this move was Santa Barbara's Pearl, Pearl Chase, a one-woman dynamo.

On graduating from college she came back to her home town, and since has led one campaign after another to beautify Santa Barbara.

Long before the earthquake, she had played a hand in getting rid of its unsightly slaughterhouses, fighting for its stringent dairy sanitary codes, one of the first and most exacting in the country.

Her technique is "publicity". Though more than accommodated by the *News-Press,* she backs up her campaigns with her own mimeograph, which in her Santa Barbara Street office is never quiet.

Not only concerned with Santa Barbara's welfare, she has effectively fought for conservation, continually sought to remove billboards from California's highways.

Many a manufacturer has had to take note of her widely distributed printed slogans, such as one that says "I favor products not advertised on the landscapes of California".

Probably the single most dynamic leader in Santa Barbara for the past half century is Thomas Moore Storke. Working sometimes in the background, sometimes in the foreground, he has ever been present.

He is revered by some, hated by others, but respected by all.

Ask any man on the street today to name the five most important men in Santa Barbara, and Storke's will be named first.

Thomas Moore Storke, more familiarly referred to by his friends as plain T. M., has a lineage in Santa Barbara that travels far into her past.

His father, Charles A. Storke, a Churchillian sort of a character of the age, a crusty scholar, lawyer, rancher, businessman, and newspaperman, called affectionately by his friends, "Judge", came to Santa Barbara in 1869 to teach at the newly founded Santa Barbara College.

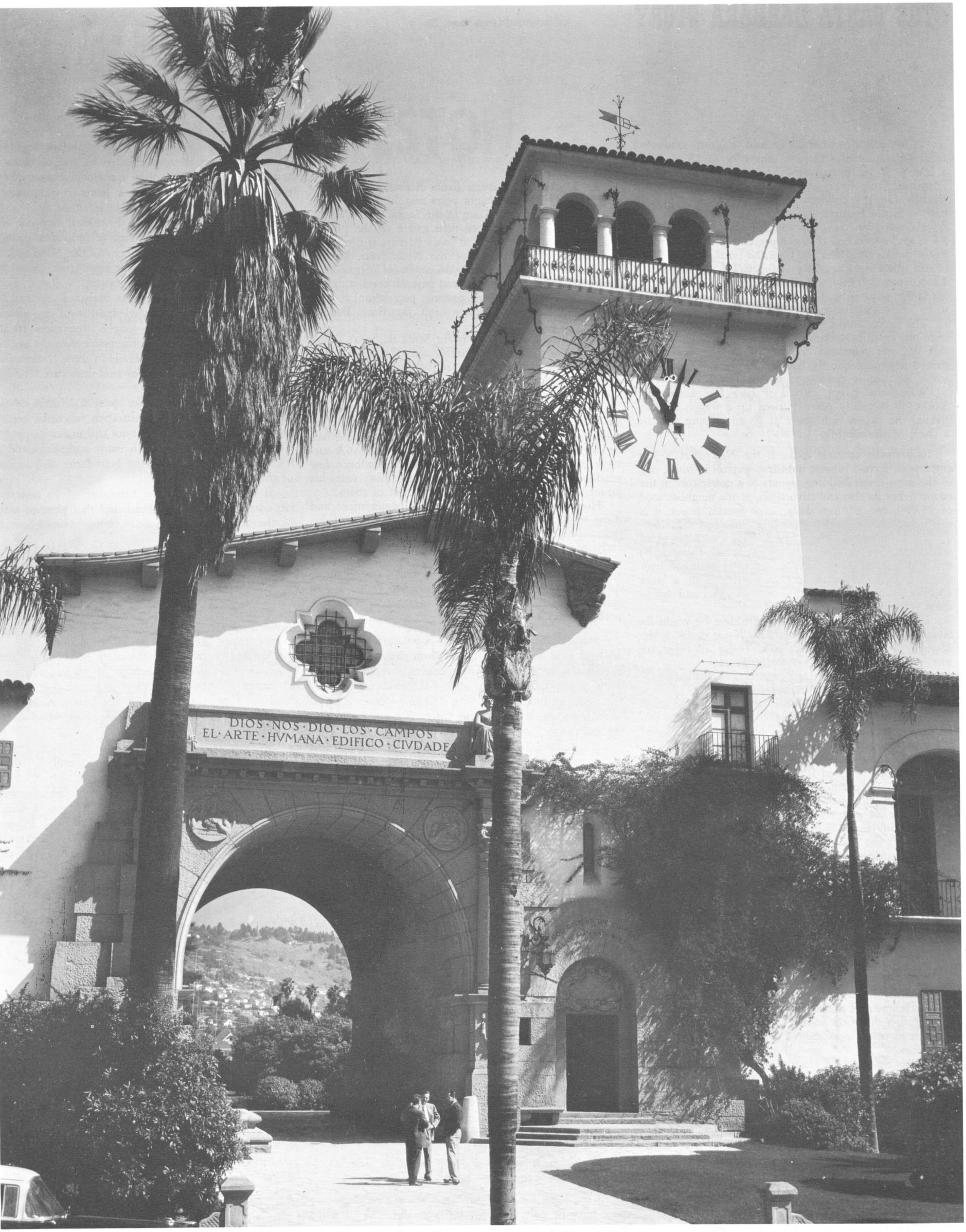
Charles Storke was a graduate of an Eastern print shop prior to the Civil War. Afterwards he graduated from Cornell University before coming to Santa Barbara.

Shortly after his arrival he married the pretty daughter of one of the school's directors, Thomas Moore, a big cattle rancher whose name was linked to the Ortega family.

Charles Storke went on to found the Los Angeles *Herald* but lost his shirt in the bank-panic of 1873-74. When Moore was murdered by outlaws, he returned to Santa Barbara to manage his ranches.

Years later, after his son had established a newspaper, the elder Storke joined him for a number of years as a writer of editorials for the paper and an influence in the editorial policies of the paper. He died in 1936.

(Continued on page 22)



SANTA BARBARA COURTHOUSE. *Photo by Brett Weston*

THE SANTA BARBARA STORY

(Continued from page 20)

T. M., a bridge of tradition and progress, graduated from Leland Stanford's new university in 1898. After a couple of years, first tending sheep on the Channel Island of Santa Cruz, and another as an instructor to a wealthy family's children touring the world, he came back to Santa Barbara.

He was hired as a reporter for the *Daily News* for $6 a week; switched to the more enterprising *Morning Press.* Six months later, in 1901, he purchased the third of the town's dailies *The Independent,* by borrowing $2000 from a friend on an unsecured note. At this time his father was too financially strapped saving his ranches, to be of financial assistance to his son.

The young Storke took on a partner but soon bought him out, again borrowing money to do so. The paper to this day has remained one of the few independently owned newspapers in the country. Storke has controlling stock, the rest is distributed among his children.

When the paper started it had five employees. Storke, in the early years, hitched up a wagon and delivered the papers, sold most of its advertising and did a share of the writing.

In dramatic contrast today is the *News-Press*'s 300 employees, second biggest industrial payroll in town, one of the most plush building layouts of a newspaper in the country. For its size and circulation, in the neighborhood of 25,000, two editions daily, large Sunday paper, it is easily one of the most outstanding papers in the West.

T. M., mixing a strong business sense with the equal realization that the major excuse for a newspaper is its editorial content, maintains an editorial staff of over thirty, balances a heavy local news diet with a large appetite of national, state and foreign news and syndicated columnists.

Through his half-century of publishing, he gradually bought out his opposition, the *Daily News* in 1913, the *Morning Press* in the early '30's. Today all three are merged under the single title *News-Press.*

Thomas Storke is a rare mixture—a businessman, patriarch, with a tremendous capacity for work; he blends civic-mindedness and single-mindedness, stubborness with a capacity to compromise, lightning temper balanced with an ability to forgive, an essential quality of charm, a deep sense of human loyalties.

T. M. early found that what was good for Santa Barbara would be good for T. M., a policy that he has unhypocritically pursued since.

Today in addition to his newspaper he owns a radio station, interest in several ranches, much business property including many buildings on State street.

Through the years he has come up with a philosophy of newspapering, has a great deal of truth, depth and sincerity in it.

"I believe that the first obligation of a newspaper editor is to his own community—and by his community, I mean the area directly influenced by his newspaper.

"I believe an editor and publisher can, and should form and develop character for his community, better than any other force.

'I believe that with few exceptions, this is a lifetime job. Results do not come overnight. The development of a community is necessarily a slow process, because it is the development of people."

Through the years he has been active in most of the city's major moves, sometimes working adroitly behind the scenes.

He has never sought elective public office, preferring in most cases to support directly or indirectly candidates of his choice. He has, however, held numerous appointive posts. He was postmaster for Santa Barbara, during the Wilson Administration, served out the unexpired portion of Senator McAdoo's term, when the latter resigned in 1938 from the United States Senate.

Storke did not seek re-election, preferring instead to return to his town and newspaper. Also, he has made no effort to hold on to the handle Senator, where a more pretentious type of person would.

Among the many civic endeavors he has led is its return to Spanish architecture. He almost single-handedly obtained federal funds that built its elaborate post office and million dollar airport, as well as being largely responsible for the University of California settling at Santa Barbara.

As a measure to assure Santa Barbara an adequate water supply less than eight years ago, he led the fight that obtained Cachuma Dam in the Santa Ynez Valley.

That his paper is more than aware of the present economic changes occuring in Santa Barbara is illustrated in a recent advertisement of the *News-Press,* seeking national advertising, in *Sales Management* magazine.

It reads: ". . . . big industrial payrolls coming, major change in local economic picture, population figures. Retail sales now reaching new high. Buy Santa Barbara now."

T. M. Storke's philosophy for Santa Barbara's future is much like Charles Nordhoff's was. He believes that the area should continue to be settled by cultured people of worth, regardless of their economic incomes, that it should continue as a highly selective community."

T. M., now in his eighties, is a robust man who still drives his Cadillac to work each morning, usually arriving before 10 a.m. After doffing his ten-gallon hat, he stays at his desk, in many cases until 6 p.m. A survivor of a heart attack at 73, a serious operation a few years later, he looks and acts like a man thirty years his junior, and a lot more spirited than most of them.

However, of recent years, he has begun more and more to turn over some of the responsibilities of his newspaper to his son Charles A. Storke, a handsome fortyish and named after his grandfather.

And his son, who originally joined the paper in 1932 and has served in one capacity or another, including all departments, has of recent years shown an increasing maturity and understanding of the community. He will probably play a dominant role in her future.

Santa Barbara's burst of new population, new industry and new energy that is felt throughout the community is also at the same time acquiring the normal problems of growth that afflict other California communities.

With an income averaging $6,196 a year per family after taxes, and the stabilizing forces of her past, she will be able to face them better than some.

A limiting factor is her peculiar geography. Her entire coastline of communities and unincorporated areas spans only a 100 mile length and a 46 mile width at the widest point. In this area outside the natural resources of lemons and walnuts, her main resource is people.

Of Santa Barbara's problems, one of the principal ones is annexation. With 35 new subdivisions planned in the next year, a mushrooming population on her outskirts, where is the money to come from to take care of expanding services that an overflow population brings?

Many of the new factories have moved to her outskirts contributing little in the way of property taxes, which unfortunately still carry the burden of U. S. city taxation. The solution for most communities lies either in a different type of taxation system or in annexation.

Annexation, however, is not an easy matter. Like other communities facing the trend of suburban living, much of the best talent of the community head for home outside of the city limits promptly at five o'clock—denying them the right to participate in their city government.

Before a recent election in Santa Barbara, an informal group of behind-the-scenes power got together to select a candidate for mayor.

With the dwindling of available city limits talent, the reticence of some men of ability to be a public target, they were forced to turn to a telephone directory to find a candidate.

If able to draw on suburban talent, at least 20 responsible names could have been submitted.

At the same time outlying areas show a reticence to come into the city, accusing, fairly or unfairly: "I will be damned if I want to be represented by that gang of knotheads."

This by far is one of the most important arguments in annexation. It is supplemented by the problems of increased taxes and the often questionable assurance of further immediate service at a lower cost under city administration.

It goes without saying that the overall view may well conflict with sound pros and cons of individual districts. Many persons today have taken to the hills with no sounder reason than to get as far away from authority as possible in this age of super-regulation.

The city government of Santa Barbara in the past few years has become very knowledgeable of its growing problems. It has outrightly sought annexation. Its attitude has at least been more progressive than the negative head-in-the-sand one that prevails in some communities.

Santa Barbara's vehicles for annexation are four-fold.

It is fortunate that unlike many California developments most of those administrative functions normally attributed to city government are still under its pyramid. The area is not slashed with many authorities and districts that supersede both the boundaries and authority of the city government.

It has weapons in the extension of its sewers, its city-owned water system, the belief that planned control of the area's future can only be maintained by a city government.

Montecito, the rich suburb on the south that has always opposed annexation, fearing higher taxes, was rudely awakened recently to find that the oil companies proposed to drill off its scenic shoreline. Many were made aware of the importance of Santa Barbara's city government for the first time, when the city, pushed by its newspaper, staved off the oil invasion.

Another severe jolt to the north has been the recent purchase of the Bishop Ranch and its owners' request for 550 acres of industrial zoning from the county. There would be little to prevent this virgin area on developing from incorporating a city of its own, creating a town foreign to Santa Barbara.

The city is in a difficult position of controlling an outside area or saying what its plans should be when it lies outside of its legal jurisdiction.

There has been nothing indicative of the new owners of Bishop Ranch to indicate that they are planning a Jonesville. When objections were raised by the University of California, they temporarily tabled a request for industrial zoning of land across from the campus in order to work out a solution.

However, what is significant is that the development points up an ever present problem, especially in a city whose population is expanding.

There is no exacting way in which a community can secure its future, any more than a man can predict his life. Certain preparations can be made, which are always subject to changing conditions.

Santa Barbara has wisely developed new industry and its University. New young blood of a high caliber is refreshing to any area. That both of these will continue to grow seems predictable.

Santa Barbara's visitor trade too is likely to continue to grow. Both temporary and permanent gains will be made. Even Californians must have places to relax in.

The visitor trade has some refreshing elements besides the dollars it brings in. Among others it helps attract sound permanent residents. But an economy based on motels, hotels and restaurants alone is not as sound as a producing society.

Santa Barbara at present seems to have established an interesting balance of the various elements of her society and economy. The future will depend on her leadership, the character and development of her past and her peculiar geography.

END

IN MEMORIAM

EDWARD WESTON

EDWARD WESTON, whose work has graced this and other publications for so long, died with the coming of the year.

A wiry, tough but human big-little guy with a record of guts, individualism, value and taste, he will long be remembered.

In us possibly he felt a kindred spirit of individualism. Went out of his way to accommodate us; shruged encouragement: "They'll come to you, son, if your product is worth it."

Through the brief years thus far of the Spectator-Journal we always knew that we could rely on him.

Even in this issue, when his son, Brett, and I, were out pursuing the ghosts of Death Valley, fighting time and weather, Brett would say:

"Dad has a great one of Zabriskie Point." And we both knew that it would be foolish to wait around for the skies to clear to try to duplicate what the earlier Weston had already produced in perfection in the unchanging, timeless world of the desert. (See photo pages 34, 35.)

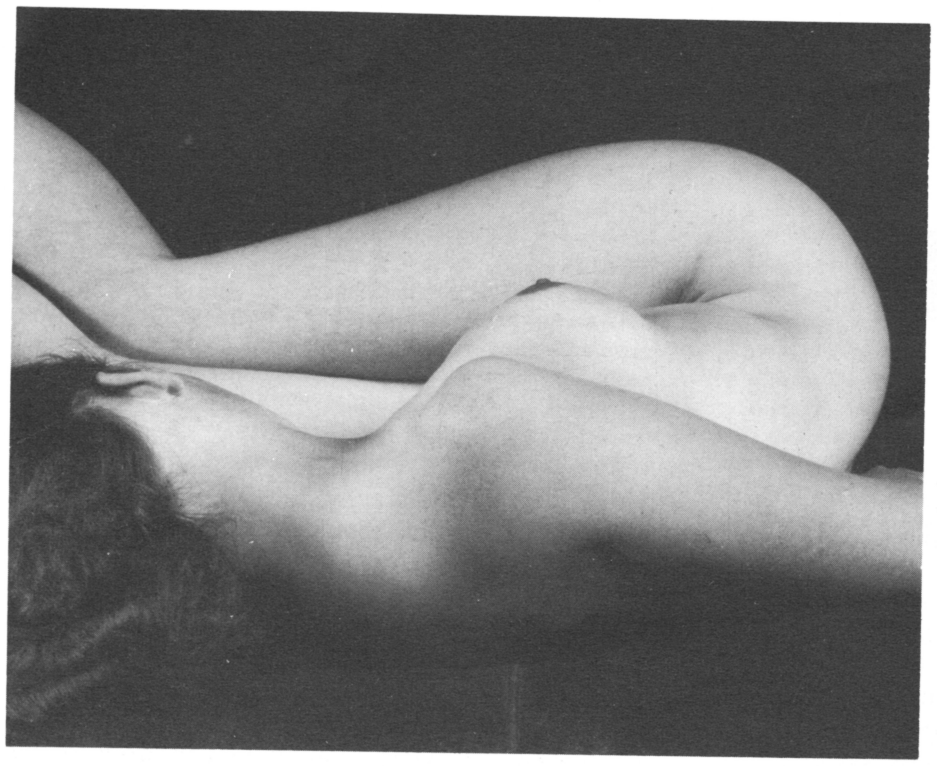
Fortunately Edward Weston was able to pass on some of his photographic genius to his sons, Brett and Cole.

Since Brett, like his father has chosen to devote his life to photography, the Weston mantle will rest chiefly on his shoulders, a task for which he is well qualified.

We don't like obits and know 'Edward' didn't. His best obituary can be written in the showing of a few of his pictures that will remain as works of art to eternity.

For those who want a complete story of his life and a different unduplicated portfolio of his work than presented here, refer to the article "Half Century of Photography" in the book-magazine issue 'Greatest Holiday Album Ever' of the Spectator Journal, published September, 1957.

Mojave Desert Scenic



Always Edward Weston, dean of American photographers, returned to the nude as a photographic subject.

He found the nude like any other subject—a recording of life, a search for beauty, form, a fragment of emotional intensity.

Possibly it is finding beauty in the commonplace that has made the nude such an important part of the artist's work.

Through the eons of history the painter and sculptor have always returned to the nude. The Greeks decorated their palaces and temples with Venus, and early churches adorned their walls and ceilings with Adam and Eve and cupids.

In photography Weston pioneered the field.

His first nudes were taken in the twenties and were more of a sentimental nature with mist and light veiling everything.

Next followed a move to the abstract with the use of angles and fragments.

In one early nude he photographed the wheel-like shadow from a Japanese lantern shedding light on a breast. Though the print was praised, Weston later destroyed the negative. He became impatient with haze and superficiality.

He moved on to the unposed, the photo with natural light inside and outdoors.

While in Mexico his friend, Painter Diego Rivera, looked at one of his beach nudes and said:

"This is what some of us 'moderns' were trying to do when we sprinkled real sand on our paintings, or stuck on bits of lace or paper or other bits of realism."

After a while Weston ceased to worry about the academic real or abstract—went on "to produce what the moment offered."

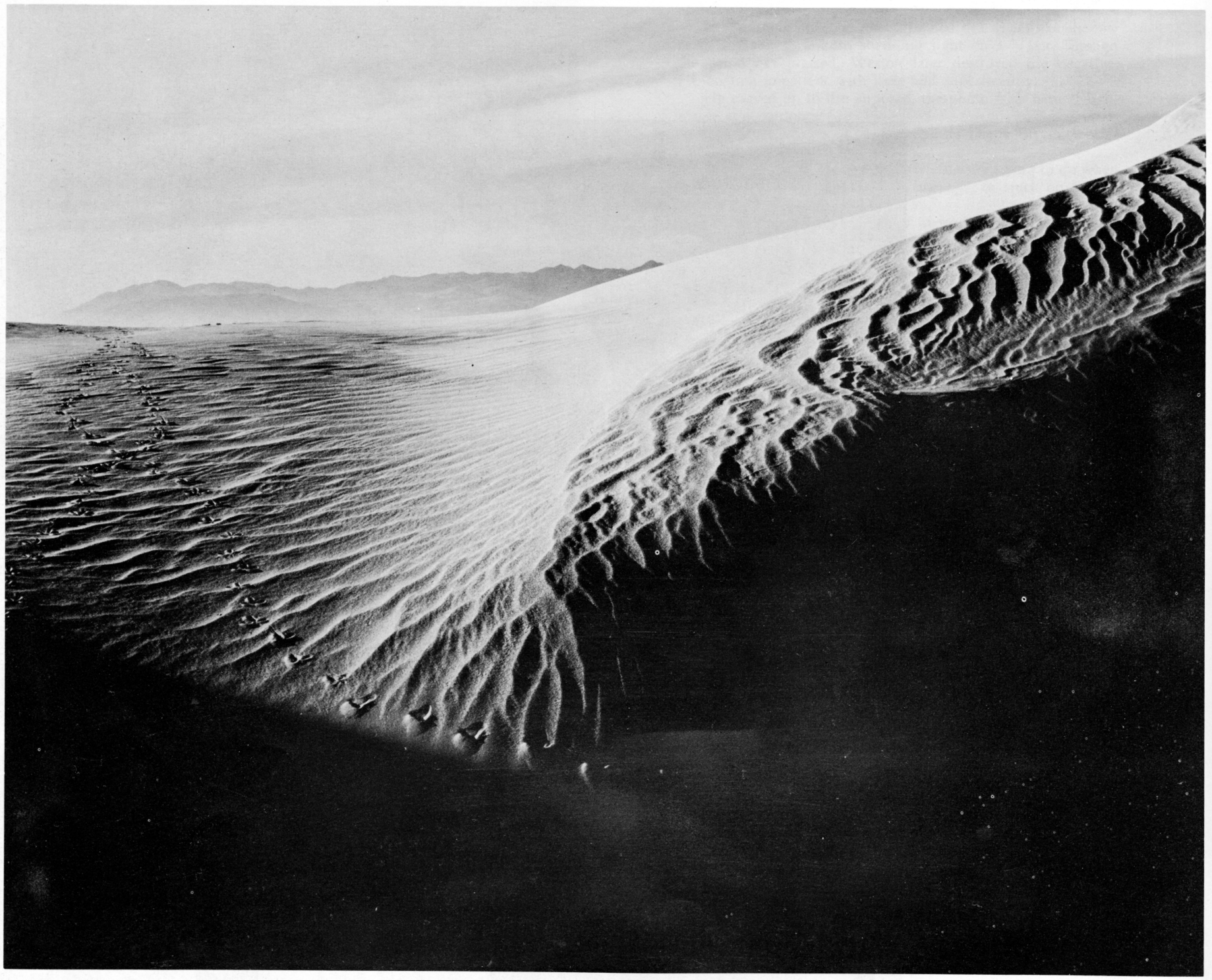
The nudes shown were taken with a 4 x 5 graflex. They span a period from the mid-twenties to the late forties.

The photos show Weston's ability to use light like a chisel to catch form, translucency of skin and emotional intensity.

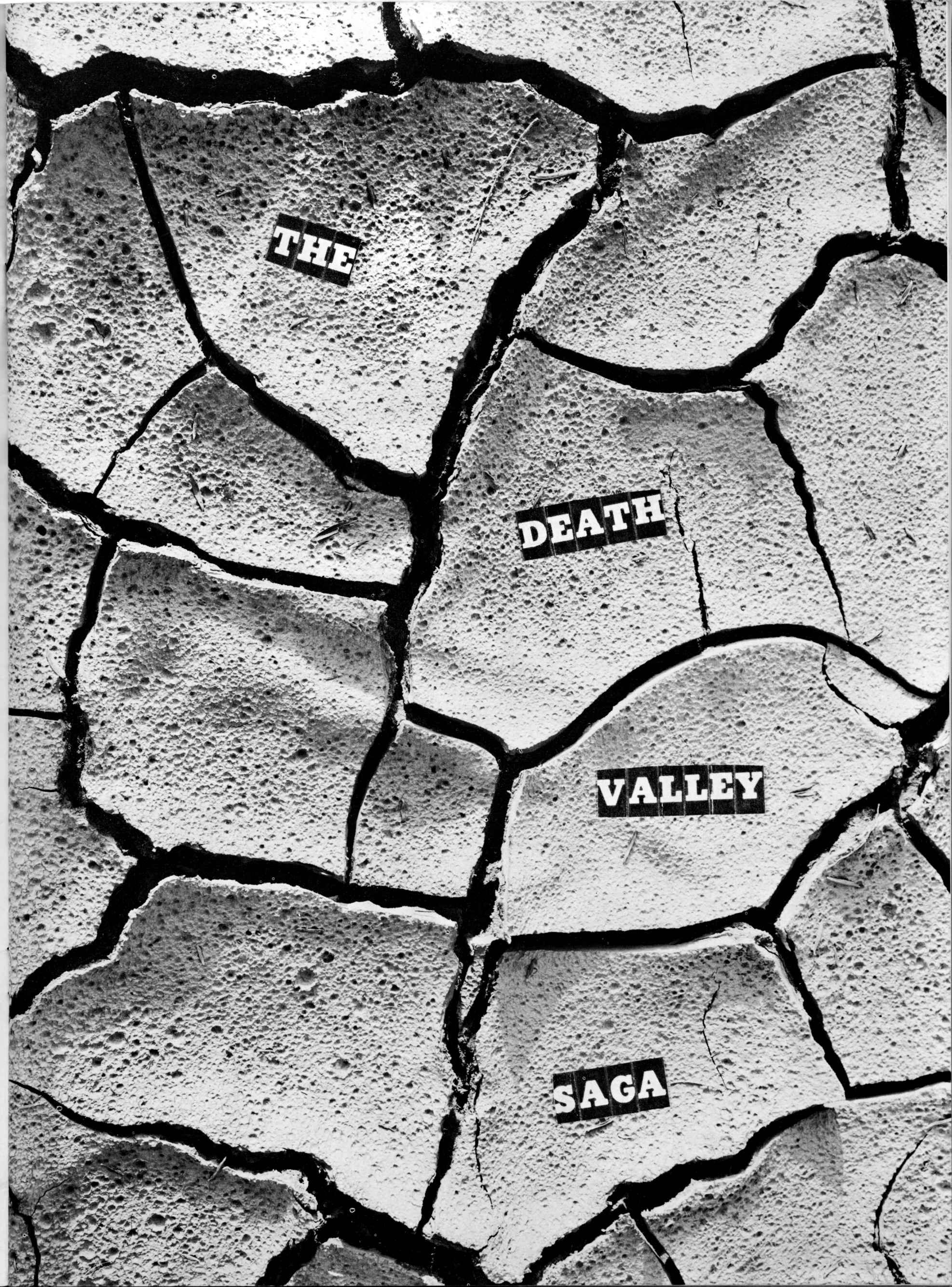
Weston refused to use professional models because "they know which poses they look best in." Instead, he worked with the untrained model and had her move around. When he saw something he liked, he snapped the picture.

Edward Weston . . .

THE NUDE and PHOTOGRAPHY



Sand dunes Oceano


THE
DEATH
VALLEY
SAGA

PANAMINT CITY - Hell Camp and First Boom Town

"There are 1300 men, 48 women and 4 inches of snow up at Panamint City, and lively times are expected."

The year was November, 1874; the newspaper quoted the *San Francisco Alta.*

Panamint City, hell camp and first boom town of Death Valley, was a year old.

In the next 36 months it would play an important role in the Silver Seventies; grow to a population of 3,000, see 57 men buried with their boots on.

Its silver and gold-streaked hills would play a dynamic role in the battle of the California titans, Jones, Stewart, Huntington, Ralston, Hayward; the founding of Santa Monica; and the advance of the railroad into the deserts of California.

Nearly eight decades since, Panamint City has been all but erased by most maps in favor of more accessible tourist ghost towns, its history practically forgotten.

Cloudbursts and flash floods have all but obliterated the stone houses and titanic mill where the American individualist of a century ago fought insurmountable odds, worked, killed, hustled, hoped and produced a couple of million bucks.

Panamint City, off the beaten tourist path, is some 33 miles from Trona. Its lofty 6500 foot elevation is eight miles up Surprise Canyon. The canyon's entrance is a couple of miles from the old ghost town of Ballarat, in Panamint Valley. It is 550 miles from San Francisco, 270 miles from Los Angeles.

Viewed from the Valley floor it is not surprising that the gorge's discovery took so long. The narrow canyon of overhanging cliffs, of fantastic rock formations, is navigable but discouraging to the motorist today without a truck or four wheel drive.

Its discovery originally dates from a '49er party that tried a short cut across Death Valley in an attempt to shorten the trip West to Sacramento.

One man, searching for water for his dying wagon party, is said to have wandered up the gorge and come back with a chunk of silver. He later pounded it into a gunsight, but claimed that the area was too inaccessible to mine.

Naturally the tale expanded with each telling and the silver became a gold mountain. When the '49er rush played out, many of the jayhawkers came back to search for the Lost Gunsight Mine.

A further impetus came in 1862. A prospector, Louis Jacob Breyfogle, was pick up half-crazy on an old Mormon trail leading out of Death Valley with samples of reddish brown quartz that were saturated with gold.

Breyfogle had been attacked by wandering Piute Indians, his partners killed. The search for his lost mine still goes on.

The big fever for prospecting Death Valley came in the 1860's. A couple of prospectors sunk their picks in Mount Davidson, Nevada. They struck gold and silver. They sold out for a few thousand dollars. The lode turned out to be the fabulous Comstock, which produced statehood for Nevada, made millionaires of Sutro, Stewart, Jones, Senator George Hearst, and numerous others.

The fever for prospecting for silver in California was on.

In 1873 three prospectors, Richard C. Jacobs, W. L. Kennedy and Bob Stewart went up Surprise Canyon. About eight miles up they found an inclined plane with pine trees, grass and water. In looking for firewood they discovered ledges of silver.

GHOST TOWN of Ballarat looking toward the Panamints.

HUGE MILL at Panamint City, as it looks today, was built in 1874. *Some material was hauled from Los Angeles* 270 *miles away and up the torturous canyon to smelting.*

The high grade ore assayed from $400 to $4000 a ton and contained gold and copper besides. The difficulty was getting it out. Also, due to its silver chloride content, the smelting would have to be done in Swansea Wales, England.

Capital was needed, and a San Francisco promoter of daring character but limited attainments seized on the Panamint strike as his moment.

'Colonel' E. P. Raines, of dubious military background, roared into the new camp, with an impressive appearance and a silver tongue.

Forty-eight hours later he left with 80 claims bonded to him on the prospect that he could raise capital.

He took samples of the ore to Los Angeles. There he shrewdly displayed them and became the talk of the town. He made no effort to do business but instead gained the confidence of prominent citizens. Then he took over for the larger San Francisco. Los Angeles had but a 10,000 population compared to San Francisco's booming 180,000.

Raines' Los Angeles efforts paid off. By the time he arrived in the northland a favorable press had preceded him.

He sought out Senator John Paul Jones, the Comstock mine superintendent who had vaulted himself into millions and Congress by a shrewd guess that Crown Point mine of the Comstock was a richer load than most guessed.

Jones took one look at the ore specimen, loaned Raines $1,000 on the spot; suggested a meeting the next day.

The 'Colonel' promptly got drunk celebrating and bought drinks for the town. The next morning he woke up broke in jail. Meanwhile, the Senator left for Washington.

Unperturbed, Raines hatched a new scheme. He decided there was more to mining than high grade ore.

He reasoned that some Los Angeles entrepreneurs as well as Senator Jones figured for the development of the Panamints.

Los Angeles had seen San Francisco grow big and rich on supplying both the mines of the Sacramento River and the Comstock Lode. She was jealous and ripe. The rich Panamint strike, which could mean a supply center, a new port, a rail terminus and roads from Los Angeles to the desert was the thing for empire builders.

Raines also discovered that Robert Baker, in conjunction with some other men, had just purchased the 40,000 acre Rancho Santa Monica y Vicente, overhanging the sea on the coast of West Los Angeles.

Baker had made a fortune supplying the Comstock mines from San Francisco. He would appreciate a rail terminus and port out at Sho Fly Landing, a wharf gracing his new ranch.

On the other hand, Raines also knew that Senator Jones was interested in developing a railroad across the desert. He had constantly fought for the development of competitive rail lines as well as urging the reclamation of desert lands.

Raines decided what was needed was a new rail line from Los Angeles to Independence that could tie with the Union Pacific at Ogden, Utah. The rich Panamint strike would supply the impetus and need.

It would serve another purpose by diverting traffic from the northern routed Central Pacific to the southland. The Central Pacific was controlled by Senator Jones' financial enemies, Crocker, Stanford and Huntington.

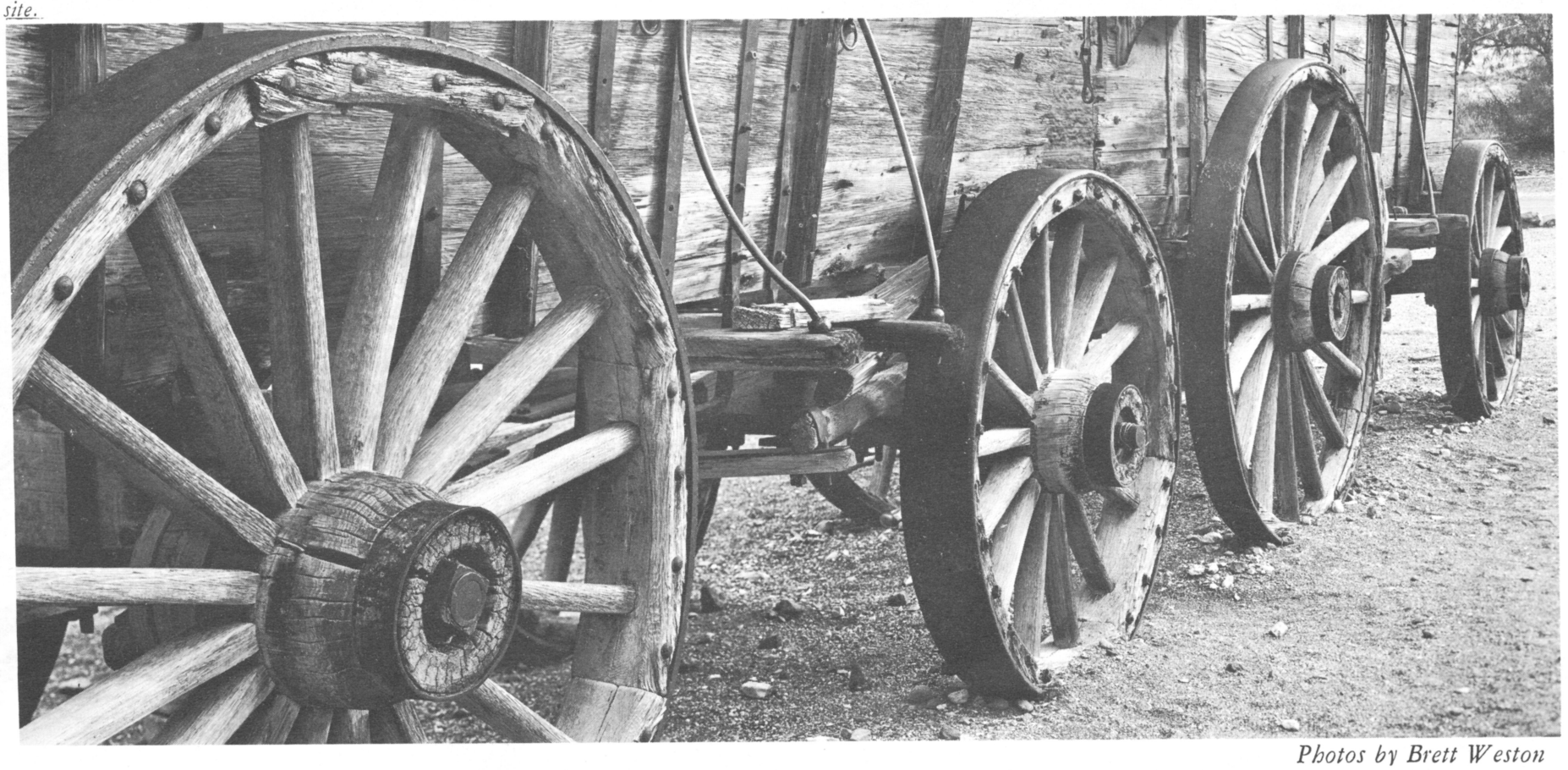
The combine disliked Jones' railroad policies as well as his favoring the taxation of their Federal land grants.

Raines went to Los Angeles. Baker furnished him funds to go to Washington in style. There he saw Jones, who found the idea to his liking. He gave Raines $15,000 and a promise of commissions on claims he bought.

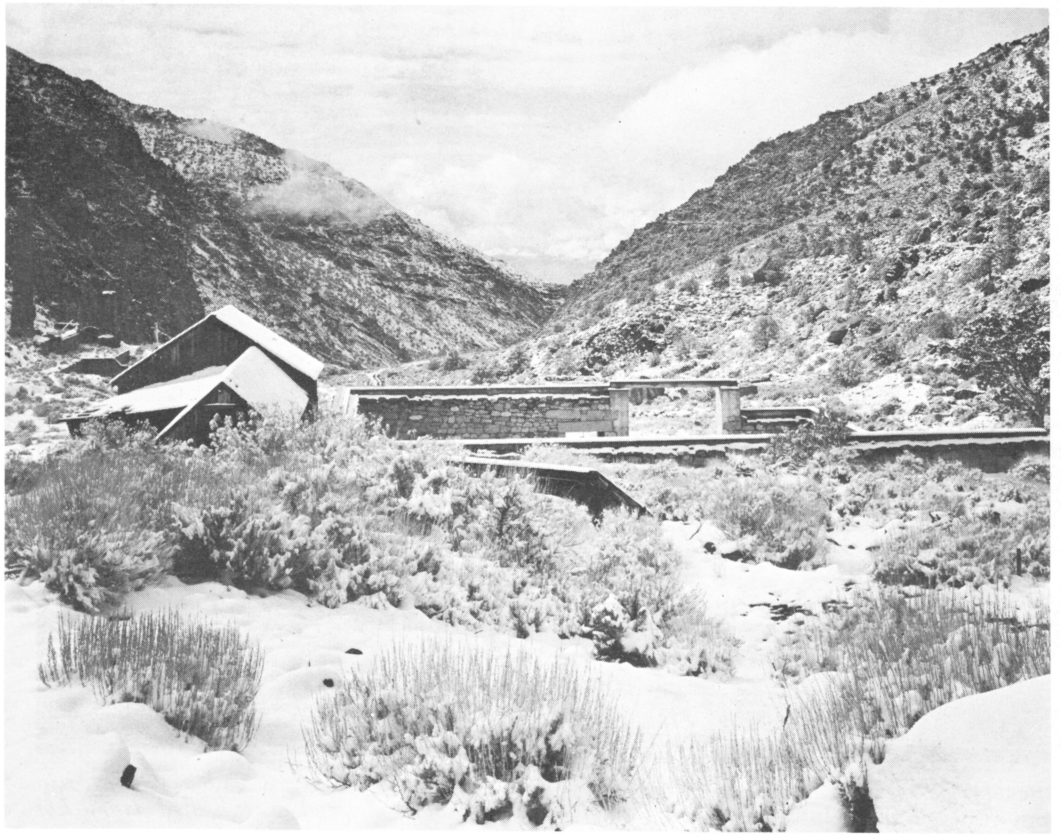
Jones sought out his fellow Comstock millionaire, Senator William Stewart, no relation to prospector Bob Stewart. Together they purchased the principal mineral claims of the Panamint mining district for $350,000, formed the Panamint mining company and floated a capital stock issue of $2,000,000. Among the major stockholders was Trenor Park, an early railroad king.

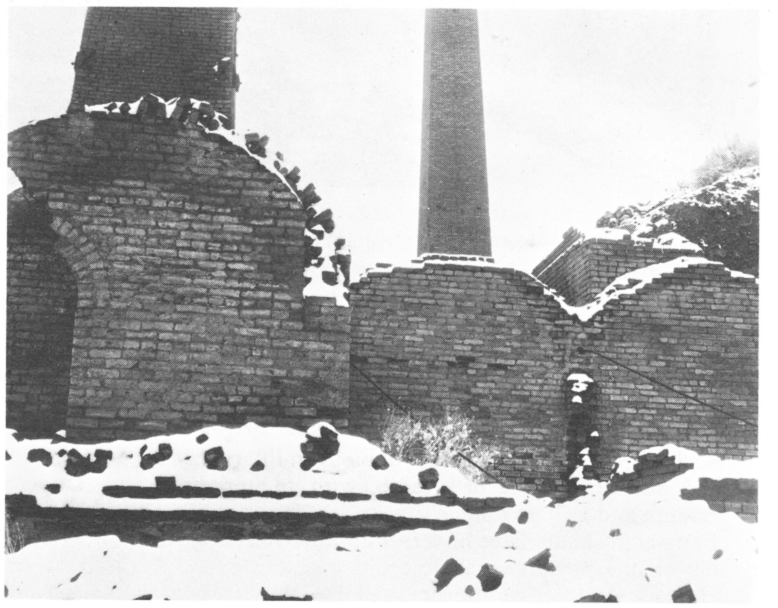
Continued

BIG MULE TEAM WAGONS were brought from the Comstock to haul the ore to Sho Fly Landing, Santa Monica, for shipment to Swansea Wales, England, for its site.

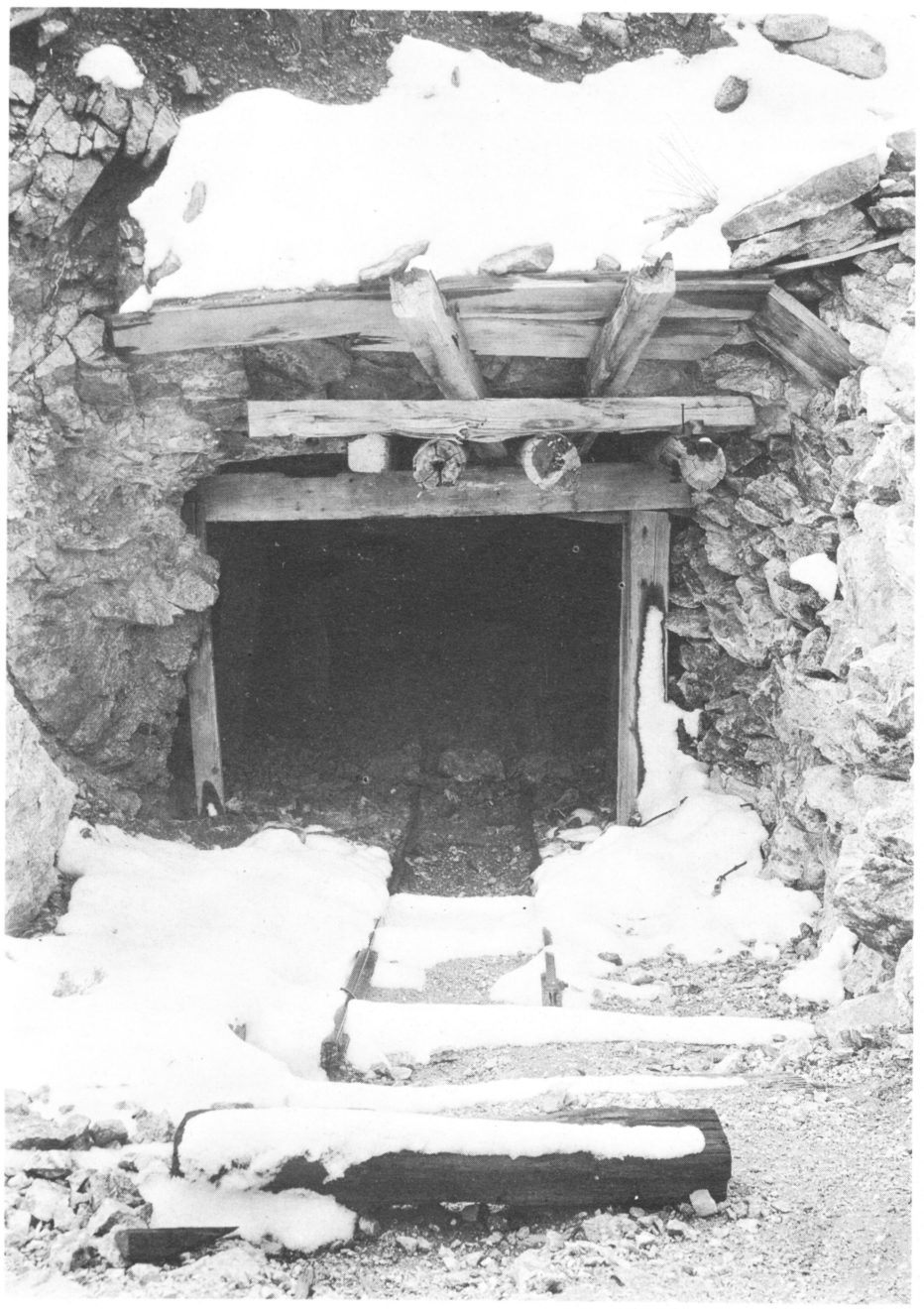


Photos by Brett Weston





ABOVE is an overall picture of the fabulous ghost town of Panamint City, first boom town of the region, looking down Surprise Canyon. On the main street in the 1870's *lived several thousands, and four-and-twenty mule teams swung around to make the rugged trek to Sho Fly Landing, now Santa Monica. Below is a mine portal at Skidoo in the Panamint range. A million dollars worth of gold was taken from this famous mine. Top of strip is a lonely grave near Skidoo. The next photo shows the giant kilns of Panamint City where the ore was reduced for shipping. Next is an overall view of Death Valley from nearby Skidoo. At bottom is a miner's house in Panamint City. Since many of the miners were Welsh, both the mill and remains of the houses, partially destroyed by flash floods, reflect their fine masonry work.*



PANAMINT CITY - Hell Camp and First Boom Town

Continued

Senator William Stewart took over the responsibility of building the mining camp, and seeing to the construction of a wharf at Santa Monica.

Stewart, like Jones, was a representative of the rugged individualist of the era. A New York farm boy, he talked his way into Yale, quit as a sophomore to join the gold rush. He arrived late, racked with fever and unable to make a strike, stayed alive by driving wagon teams. Later he began the study of law at Nevada City, California, with a local Blanckstone. Within a short time he opened his own practice and wrote the West's first quartz miner's code. He also helped found the town's first mill.

With the Comstock strike, Stewart left for Virginia City in 1860.

Within a short time he gained a reputation for guts, as well as skill as an arbitrator.

With legal fees running as high as $200,000 a year he grubstaked miners, purchased mines and mills. Along the way he overextended himself and lost his fortune.

In the dead of winter he rode horseback over the Sierra Nevadas to San Francisco and borrowed $32,000 from a friend. He returned to Nevada and built back his fortune before many realized he had faced bankruptcy.

Stewart went on to become the State's first attorney general and its first United States Senator.

Friends and foes described him as a "big, stubborn man who could handle his liquor, his fists, a gun or his tongue with equal ability."

In Washington he wrote the fifteenth amendment to the constitution—the legal right of citizens to vote without account of race, color or previous condition of servitude.

He also built a lavish castle, turned down an appointment to the United States Supreme Court as "too confining".

His political career was interrupted in 1873 by a misvote. He voted against silver without knowing it.

Senator John Sherman, a gold man, gave a talk praising the glories of silver. The mint bill he introduced, however, had slyly dropped the silver dollar from the list of U. S. currency coins.

Some Western Senators, including Stewart, voted for the bill after listening to the speech. After they read the bill their anger knew no bounds but there wasn't anything they could do. The crime of '73 had been committed.

Fresh from this political debacle, Stewart went West to take over the task of getting the ore out of Panamint City; the silver lode.

Before leaving Washington, he did however grubstake an old friend from Washoe days who was writing a book. The writer was Mark Twain, the book "Innocents Abroad". It is a shame that Stewart did not instead take Twain to the Panamints. In the hands of yarn-spinning Twain, the doings of the hell camp would never have been forgotten.

Interestingly enough, Stewart arrived in town the same day as T. S. Harris moved in to publish his *Panamint News* three times a week. In those days a must for all towns was a newspaper and some had more than one.

Harris had a background as a reporter for the Sacramento *Bee,* as a printer, and as a minutes clerk with the California legislature.

He also had an ability with the concertina that could sooth an irate subscriber.

He started his paper at Panamint in a seven-by-nine foot tent, and took on as an editorial associate, D. P. Carr, late of the Carson *Appeal.*

The first issue promised the people of Panamint the latest news, to give to the outside world accurate and truthful information regarding the mines and the district, and to make money.

The next issue announced the severance of Carr, called him "an absconder and a miscarriage, who had collected three months' advertisments and subscriptions in advance and gone down the canyon with another man's blankets and another's $18 boots."

Harris had a rough time of it. Justice was settled quickly with a six-shooter and the camp was filling up with outlaws, some of whom even made the pretense of taking out claims.

Harris had a peculiar editorial policy of survival. He waited until one of the two parties had won his argument by killing his opponent, before taking sides.

Senator Stewart galvanized the camp into action. He brought wagons down from the Comstock, had others built; imported Chinese coolies to build a road and miners from Wales to construct a giant reduction mill.

Meanwhile, Jones was busy buying up the Santa Monica Rancho, having a wharf and town built, and constructing a railroad.

He founded the town of Santa Monica, built one hundred houses and asserted that it would be the industrial center of the West. In a short time it had a newspaper, a fire house, a school and a railway terminal for the new L. A. & I. railroad. A 2700 foot wharf was also constructed to take care of the ore from the Panamints.

In the end nearly $2,000,000 worth of ore was shipped from Panamint City to Santa Monica, which shortly discarded the name Sho Fly Landing. It was then shipped to Wales for smelting.

That the ore was high grade is evident, since freight charges for sixteen and twenty mule teams were $100 per ton. They required 22 days for a round trip.

By the time the reduction mill at Panamint City was finished and the ore was ready to ship out, Stewart realized that many of the outlaws were just sitting around waiting to rob the huge mule wagon trains.

Wells Fargo agents took one look at the Panamint hell camp with its human shooting gallery of a main street, its tortuous roadway, the character of some of its inhabitants, and refused to insure the ore.

Stewart would not be outdone. He had giant kilns built and the ore melted into 500 pound balls. The shipments were then made without any interference, since a 500 pound ball is difficult to make off with, if not to hide in the desert.

Some misguided historians hold that the camp was abandoned when a cloudburst thundered down the mountain-side washing out most of the camp and roadway.

That a cloudburst did occur is true and that it was discouraging for many, a fact, but the camp and roadway were rebuilt.

The real failure of Panamint City lies in the fact that both Stewart and Jones went grandly broke because of other investments.

Many European countries switched from a silver to a gold standard, devaluating the price of silver. New mine fields, including nearby Darwin, which were accessible, less costly to operate, entered the field.

Both Stewart and Jones weathered the Bank Panic of 1875 that shook $42,000,000 out of the market-worth of Comstock stocks. But in May, 1877, when the Comstock's Crown Point stock crashed in three days with values falling off $20,000,000, Jones and Stewart knew they would have to pull in their horns fast.

A messenger was sent the 600 miles from San Francisco to notify the closing of the camp.

By the time the messenger arrived the exodus had alreadv begun.

Though periodic small ventures including claim-jumping has gone on since, for the most part Panamint City and its buried silver has remained a ghost town.

Al Meyers, whose keen nose for ore made a killing out of the Goldfield, Nevada, strike, bought up most of the principal claims, the townsite, a total of about 5½ square miles in the early 1900's. Not needing the money, he kept it for four decades as his ace-in-the-hole.

Just before his death, he leased a number of the mines to the American Silver Company in 1947, but not liking their operation he cancelled the contract before any mining was done.

His widow now owns his interest. The claims, including the townsite, total over 80, include the original Stewart Wonder Mine and the Hemlock. Thirteen bear United States patents signed by President Grant.

The town's ghosts slumber on today with a few prospectors working the area, sometimes illegitimately.

Senator Stewart went on to make and lose a number of fortunes. At first he went back to law practice in Virginia City; recouped sufficiently to invest in the revived Bodie. Later his broad shoulders were a common sight around the rough and tumble litigation of Tombstone, Arizona.

By 1886 he was back in the United States Senate, an office he held until 1905. In 1900, busted, he auctioned off his palatial Washington estate. Really smashed in 1905, he hitched a team of horses and rode off across the desert to Death Valley's new Bullfrog strike.

Then 80, Stewart said: "What does it amount to to be out of fortune when you're eighty years young and you've found a boom camp again that's going to be bigger than the Comstock."

He won some important mining suits at big fees, grubstaked some good finds and built the biggest house in Bullfrog. From its front door he could see the Panamints.

When the Bullfrog stock collapsed a few years later, Stewart returned to Washington, broke. He died a year later, leaving a law library and $25,000 in debts.

Senator Jones also went on to recoup his wealth. Crocker, Huntington and Stanford smashed his L. A. & I. railroad with the Southern Pacific and Santa Monica receded from an industrial town to a pasture for sheep.

But years later it boomed again as a resort town and Jones, who owned the real estate, made a fortune. The Senator built an enormous house on the bay and called it Miramar.

Jones continued plunging in many other mining ventures, including Alaska. He continued to serve in the United States Senate for 30 continuous years and to plug for reclamation projects. He died too soon to see his pet vision of Boulder Dam built.

Panamint News publisher Harris sought out Darwin and founded a new paper. He founded the *Standard* at Bodie and later was in on the start of the Los Angeles *Evening Republic.* He had a fight with his managing editor, shot him, spent a year in San Quentin. On his release he founded a San Francisco print shop, but found it too tame and committed suicide.

The 'Colonel' Raines, whose silver tongue promoted the affair, went back to San Francisco early. Years later he was tried for trying to sell false gold bullion brick. Acquitted, he disappeared into the frontier of Arizona.

Panamint City is not the only mining town of the Death Valley Monument. There are scores. But it personifies most—a quick call to population, glory, wealth and then, death.

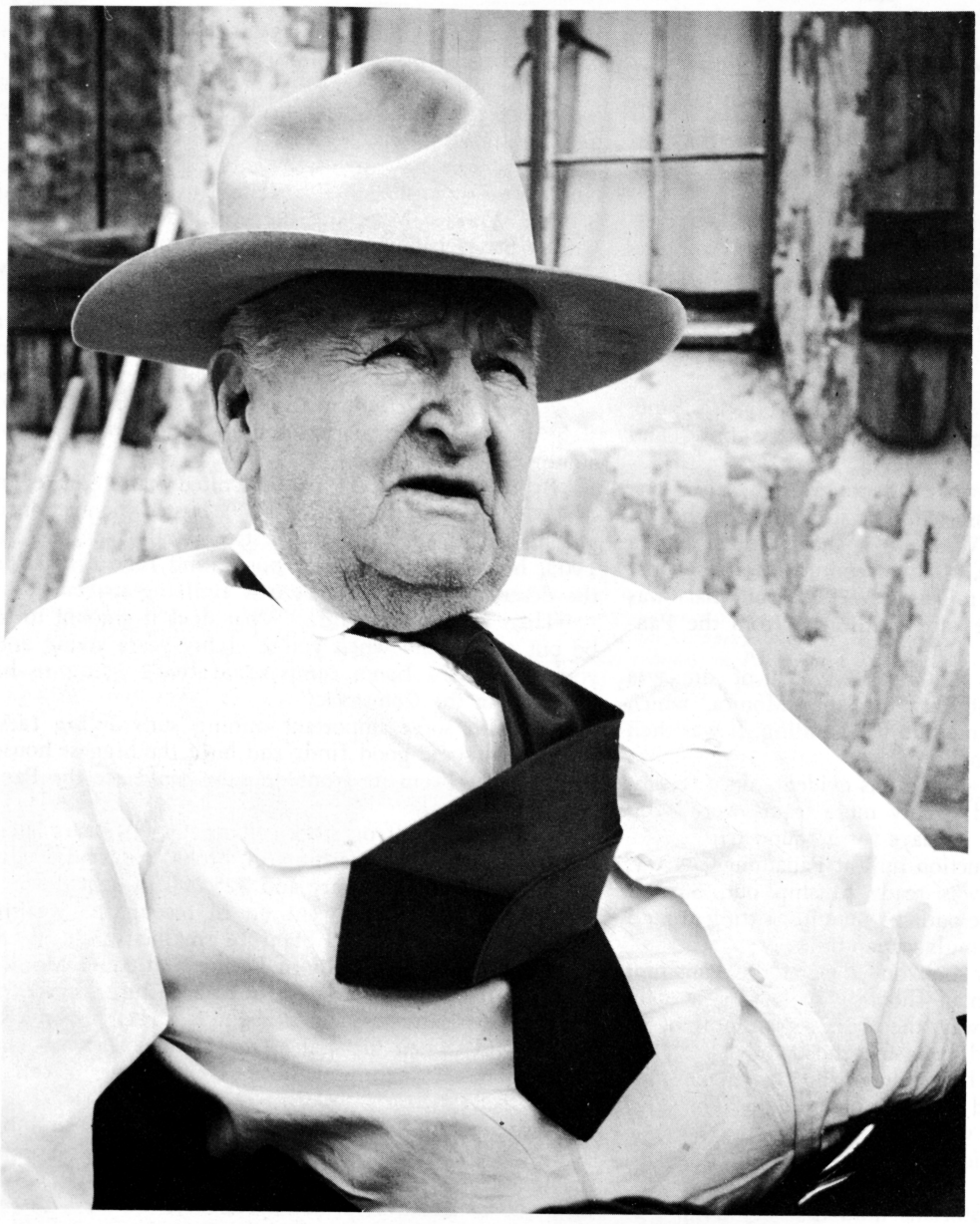
Nearby in the Panamints are the towns of Harrisburg and Skidoo, which were struck in the early 1900's and gave rise to the supply town of Ballarat at the base of the Panamint Valley.

Skidoo, once a town of 700, was discovered by One-Eye Thompson and Harry Ramsey, when they got lost on their way to the Harrisburg Flat gold strike.

Skidoo, which created the national slogan, "23 skidoo," had a short life. Three million dollars were poured into the ground and six million taken out. One portal produced a million dollars of gold ore.

More accessible, but not as picturesque or fantastic as Panamint City, its assay house, mine portal and old stamp mill remain.

STILL A MYSTERY . . . Death Valley Scotty



At the south end of the Valley of earth-crusted hells, stands near the gateway to Nevada, the most incongruous monument to the land's most legendary character, Death Valley Scotty.

For five decades he filled more newspaper columns and especially Sunday supplements than the eight reigning United States Presidents. And for the most of the time he was the mystery man of his day.

His every doing was reported; sometimes accurately, sometimes in conjecture, but always editors used the big, black, bold seventy-two point type, whether or not they were acquainted with the peculiar geography of Death Valley.

In his declining years, fighting age, revenuers both Federal and State, and a wife and progeny of days gone past, Scotty turned to his old pal Albert Johnson, proclaimed the whole thing was a joke. He never had a mine other than the multi-millionaire insurance man.

And a gullible public that had swallowed his sayings and doings for decades, had unsuccessfully hired thugs to trace him to the source of his gold mine, were readily willing to bury him in the irreverant shrouds of a fraudulent joke.

As his obituary was written in January, 1949, newspapers and national magazines wrote him off as the end of a Death Valley legend, the fraud of five decades—but with plenty of space.

However, anyone willing to poke behind the surface, contrasting the facts of reality and fiction will see the source of Scotty's wealth is still just as much a mystery as ever, his mine, fact or fiction, remains an unwritten chapter in the era of Death Valley prospectors.

And the thousands each year that pour into the California desert to visit his two million dollar testimony of bad taste will not let the legend die.

As they gaze at the monstrosity of architecture, standing at the end of a moonish ravine, part Moorish, part Spanish, part Norman and mostly in bad Hollywoodian taste, they will wonder why and from whence it came.

Scotty who sought more to be talked about than power or wealth, would revel.

Scotty got his start about 1870 in Cynthiana, Kentucky. This was also the birthplace of William T. Coleman, the San Francisco hardwareman who bought the Winter interest to found the Harmony Borax Works in Death Valley.

Scotty, according to a number of sources, including himself, came of an upper bracket family, but ran away as a youngster to the West.

Definitely ascertainable is the fact that by 1895 he had located as a cowboy in the famous Wild West Show of Buffalo Bill. Also featured in the extravaganza of hide and guts was an Oklahoman, Will Rogers, who was to share in the glory of his era.

The show traveled Europe as well as the 'civilized USA.' Made a hit and some money. In the winter Scotty went West to prospect; rejoined the troop each Spring. One season he showed up late. Buffalo Bill canned him.

Scotty, who was never accused of failing in enterprise, looked up some of the Fifth Avenue boys that had found his yarn spinning such an attraction for their socialite parties. He sought a grubstake of 8,000 smackers. He collected it from a tough New York banker, James Gerard.

The grubstake law, still a basic mining code, is more civilzed than the offerings of most bank loan sharks of today, who clip the eye teeth and right hand of the lendee. The grubstaker, if a find is made, will get a half interest split; if nothing is found both parties accept the loss. In other words both parties are equal to the gamble, the gain or the loss.

Scotty's generation was one not measured in real estate security. After three years, he came back and reported no success. Gerard accepted the loss.

However, Scotty then achieved a bigger grubstake, supposedly from Albert Johnson. A check of financial records of young insurance clerk Johnson at this time would indicate that he was hardly in a position to finance anyone.

Scotty tried to repay Gerard the first grubstake, but in the ensuing argument could not help but flash his bigger roll. Gerard seeing the bills suspicioned that Scotty had already found a mine, demanded one-half interest.

Scotty told him to go to hell—and an on-and-off battle ensued. The cowboy-prospector returned to Death Valley and the Panamints. Evidently he uncovered something there or elsewhere. A year or so later he marched a wheel barrow full of gold nuggets down Los Angeles streets, according to news accounts.

In this year of 1904 the episode was repeated in varying degrees in the cities of San Francisco, Denver, Chicago and New York. In some big bills were given away, in others gold pieces.

Tiring of this sport, Scotty in 1905 shoved a battered ten gallon hat back on his head and startled a ticket agent of the Sante Fe Railroad in Los Angeles. He wanted a special train for Chicago. A check for $5500 cured the shock and Scotty was off. The Coyote Special with its record breaking 44 hour time set a speed-record that lasted 30 years.

Scotty's wealth appeared about the same time as Shorty Harris's Bullfrog strike near Goldfield, Nevada. Harris got drunk and sold the claim for $900. His partner, Ed Cross, cleared $20,000. The mines produced millions.

This year of 1904 also saw renewed activity in the Panamints. Twenty-two Skidoo had a portal that coughed up a $1,000,000, and nearby Harrisburg flat payed off handsomely in gold and stock. Even Ballarat at the foot of the Panamints in Panamint Valley, the supply center for this area was doing all right. It had a Red Light District of 15 houses.

(Continued on page 33)

Death Valley Scotty

Continued from Page 33

Not satisfied with shocking the world, by giving away gold, making a spectacular train speed-record, Scotty in the early twenties decided to expand his Grapevine Canyon home into a multi-million dollar castle.

Albert Johnson had by now very definitely come into the picture; at least as a close friend, possible investor of Scotty's dough or in Scotty. For, now a special guest room was built for Johnson and his wife, Ella, in the castle.

First Scotty sought out Architect Frank Lloyd Wright, to do "the job up brown". Wright came out from the East; drew up some angles of modernism blended with an Indian touch to harmonize with the scar-faced environment.

Scotty, whose taste in architecture had been more impressed by the fine trappings of gold mine town whorehouses, would have none of the great Wright's originality.

Out went Wright, and a San Francisco architect more flexible to the blending of the impossible in architectural honesty went on the payroll.

William Randolph Hearst, whose original capital also came from mines, about the same time was raiding the castles of Europe for his extravaganza, San Simeon.

Although Scotty imported many fineries from Europe, he went Hearst one better. Tiring of the expense and battle for antiquity, Scotty bought a Los Angeles furniture factory. Its production was turned over to producing imitations of era furniture for the "castle in the desert".

One could raise doubts as to Scotty's architectural taste, but one cannot question his site.

On a 3000-foot elevation, it has one of the most temperate climates of Death Valley and is inhabitable the year around. More important, in the water-scarce valley, the castle is supplied by Grapevine Springs that pour 600 gallons a minute of soft, sweet-tasting water; enough to generate electricity, fill a wishing-well in the courtyard and keep the elaborate jasper fountain splashing in the giant trout pool of the two story high living room. There is ample water for domestic uses and enough to accommodate the 185-foot swimming pool, which unfortunately was never finished.

The castle today has approximately 40 rooms, a chimes tower and an 8 car garage. The exact count has never been released. Even the present owners, the Gospel Foundation, which has made some of its elaborate bedrooms into accommodations for 35 tourist guests, shy away from figures.

The castle had sixteen bedrooms originally. The master bedroom, though Scotty never slept there, is a true Louis XIV. Incongruously, it has hard nailed posters of Buffalo Bill shows staring from its silk-paneled walls.

The drawing room is 50 feet by 30 feet. Its curtains are of leather. Its fireplace, one of 18 in the castle, has as its wood supply the old ties from the Tonopah and Tidewater Railroad. When the Ryan borax works collapsed in the late twenties Scotty purchased the rails for $1,500, added another $25,000 to have the fifteen miles of timbers hauled and stacked near the castle.

There is still some rumor about subterranean rooms underneath the castle and the lore of hidden gold. Fact or fantasy, this peculiarity shows up in the deed rights of the castle.

It seems that one day Scotty stood on a high point and before God declared Death Valley as his own. This might have been fine for Sir Francis Drake, or even for later generations landing on a yet unclaimed planet.

But the United States Government refused to figure that way. They were about to make a National Monument of Death Valley, and Scotty's land rights were on the bothersome side.

The big problem was that squatters or Scotty's rights included a two million buck castle.

Actually Scotty's claim is not fantastic for California's variant history. California's Miller of Miller-Lux made a claim for untold acres in the rich San Joaquin legitimate by having a boat pulled by horses across dry land that once had been inundated by water, complying with a little-used marine law.

Scotty could have used the same twist on the dry lakes of Death Valley. But instead Scotty went off to Los Angeles in his custom-made Franklin and raised hell.

He finally got around to filing for a homestead. But he registered it in the wrong township. Another later entry found the survey six miles distant from the site it meant to cover. This was not unusual for the country. The town of Ballarat, for instance, in recent years did not exist on the tax collector maps of Inyo County.

Congress finally came to the rescue with a special bill. It permitted Scotty's Albert Johnson to purchase 1529 acres of desert land under and around the castle at $1.25 an acre. Nothing was said as to the ownership of the castle.

Still later, after much wrestling, a clarifying patent was filed on July 19, 1938, with the recorder of Inyo County, which conveyed only the land to Johnson, but reserved to the United States peculiarly "all minerals the land may contain, together with the right to prospect for, mine, and remove the same . . ."

This alone would indicate that the government investigators were not too certain over Scotty's income.

As a further protection the patent states that if the "transfer of all of or part of the property occurs, the Secretary of the Interior shall be authorized to reacquire the land by purchase, condemnation or otherwise."

Since the Gospel Foundation was given the castle while Scotty and Johnson were both alive, and since the foundation was a tax free one of a religious bent, problems and peculiarities of deeds and taxes were circumvented.

This of course all leads back to the proposition of Scotty and his mystery of wealth.

As the years went by the tangle deepened. The mid-depression thirties saw an unknown wife, a bride of Buffalo Bill days, appear in Long Beach with a 22 year old sailor son. She filed suit for non-support. It looked like Scotty's "Josephine" was an unexpected dream for the revenuers. He would have to go the distance.

The revenuers, in hopes that the smoke would create a fire, slammed Scotty to a grand jury. Scotty called in his pal Johnson to testify that "the whole thing was a joke."

To make matters worse, the State got into the act by coming up with an income tax law to start with 1936.

Scotty wasn't the only one brooding. William Randolph Hearst decided that San Simeon and the Bavarian castle at Shasta weren't his legal residences.

On the eve of the new tax, Hearst said:

"It is utterly impossible for me to remain here and occupy a place like San Simeon on account of the Federal and State taxes. I find that over 80 per cent of my income will go to taxes. New York has always been my legal residence."

On a four million dollar income Hearst would have had to pay 580,000 bucks in income taxes as a California resident.

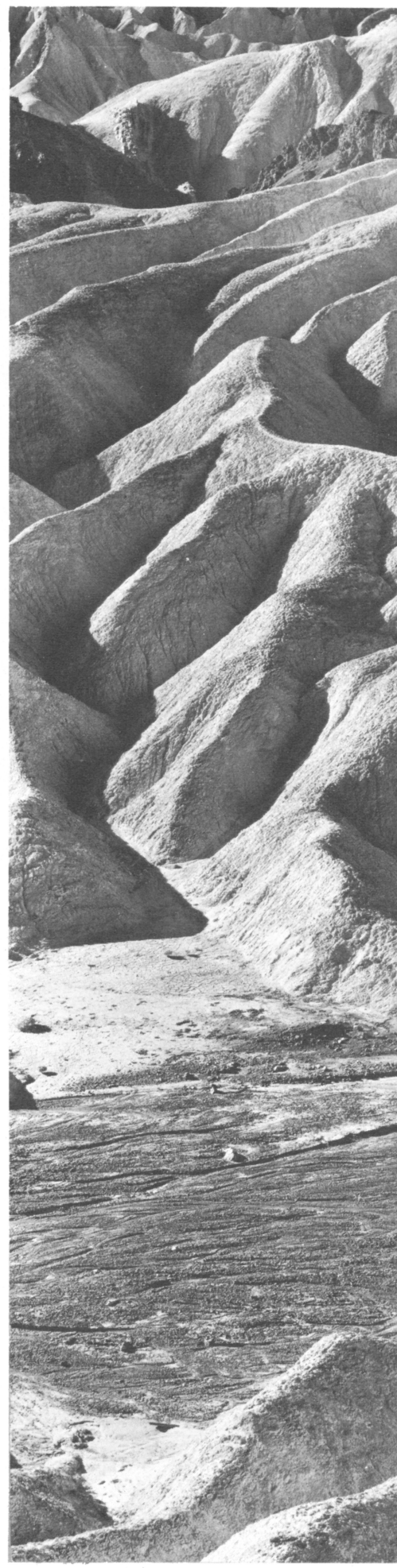
Scotty's play convinced a gullible public. It did not convince the elder Hearst. Smelling a good news story, he personally assigned a reporter to get the true version of Scotty.

Scotty was friendly to the press as he always was. He gave the reporter five names, said: "They can tell you the whole story."

The reporter, gleefully clutching the names, made off. He returned shortly to say that all five had been willing to talk but each had furnished a different version.

Scotty laughed, a war came and went. Johnson died, and in February of 1954, the indomitable desert phenomenon that had outlived both friends and enemies, died.

The new host at the tourist mecca of the hard drinking, sharp shooting, publicity conscious Desert Fox is a non-taxable religious organization.



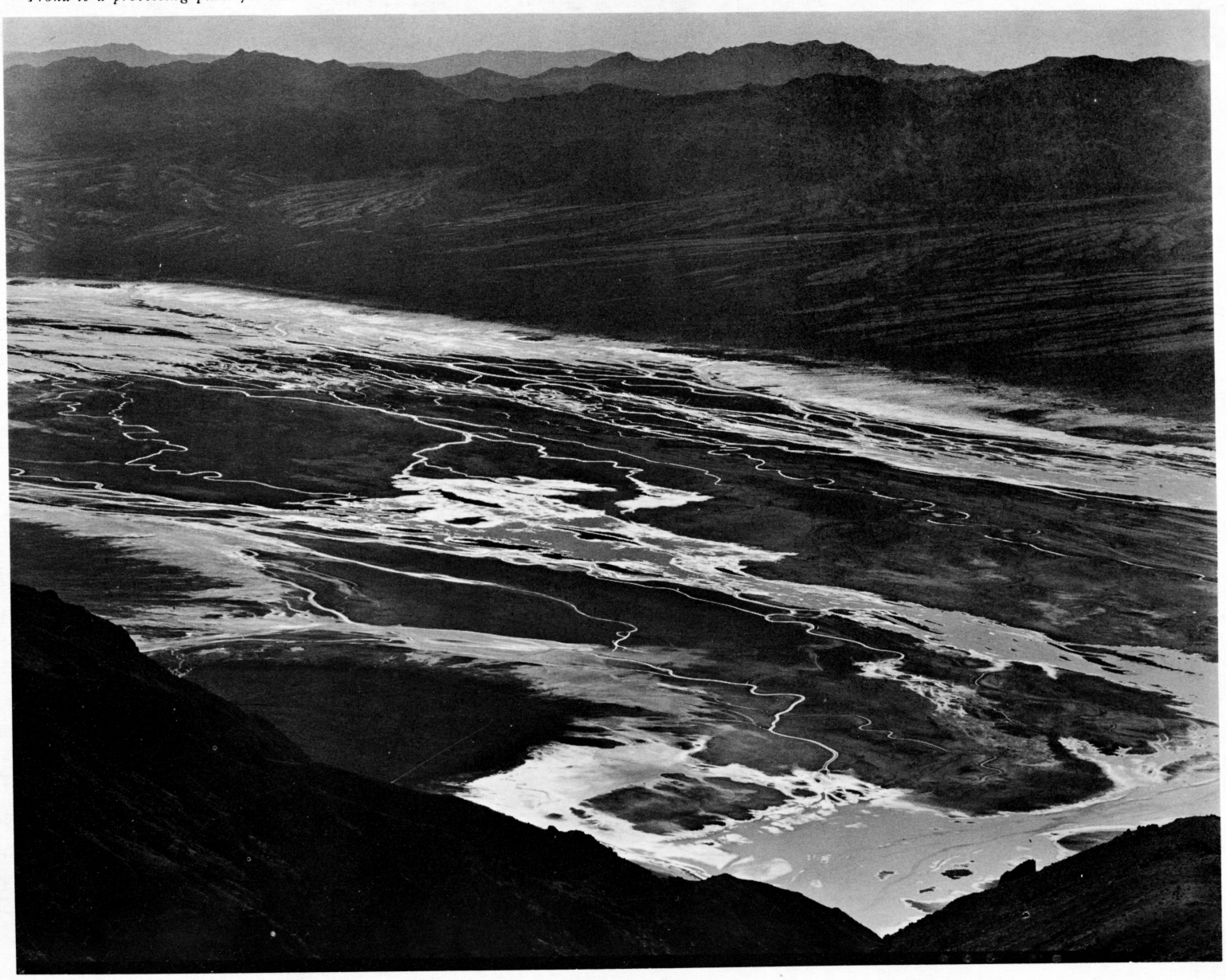
ZABRISKIE POINT above looks out over 20 mule team canyon, early site of the borax mines. Tunnel mines are visible. The Point named after Brevoort Zabriskie, who followed Borax Smith as head of the early company, is also interesting as a view of the beginning and ending of the earth with its twisting upheavals, that change colors as the light changes.

—Photo by Edward Weston

BORAX has proven the most enduring gold of Death Valley Monument's vast 2,000,000 acres of desert valleys and mountain ranges. Top photo is of the area around Trona after a rare rainstorm and the normal flat Panamint Valley floor, a dry lake, looks like the lake it once was with water pouring out of the alluvial fans of the Panamints in the background. Trona is a processing plant for American Potash and Chemicals. Some 60 miles away is the Searles Lake development, one of the major present day borax and boron mining sites.. Photo by Don Ross.

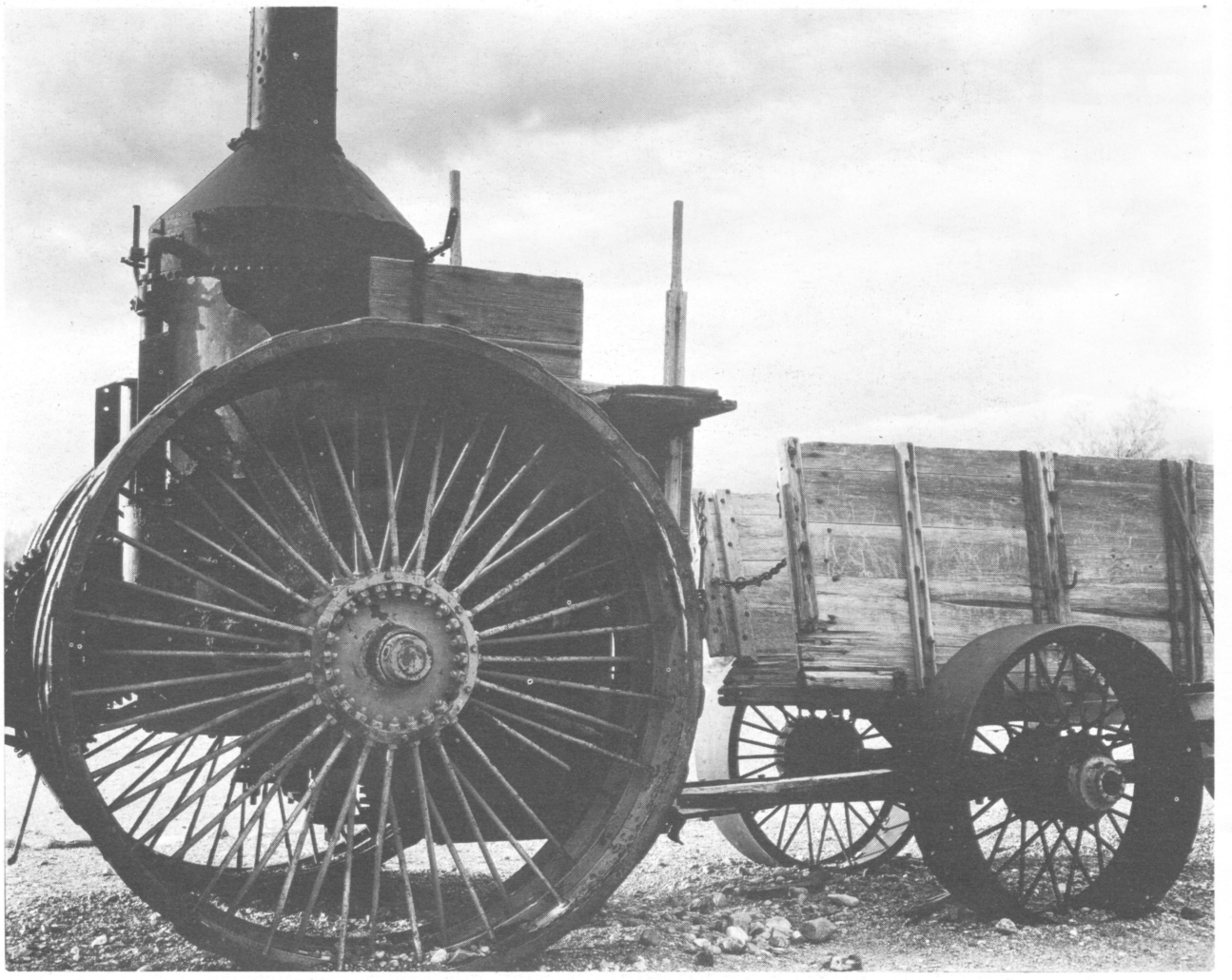
Elements of the white gold glisten in weird pattern from the Death Valley floor in the photo below. The black Funeral Mountains across from the Panamints where this photo was taken are in the background.

Photo by Edward Weston.



DANTES VIEW—A mile high and 24 miles from Furnace Creek Wash affords a view of the valley floor that with the changes of light during the day makes the valley look like a seething inferno of varying colors. To the west in the distance can be seen the high Sierra range, while directly across are the remnants of the Eagle Borax mines founded in the 1880's.

—Photos by Edward Weston



20 MULE TEAM STEAMER—The Borax companies, in an attempt to beat the expensive freight cost of the 20 mule team wagons, engineered a steam-engined puller, Diana, to make the ten day, 165 mile waterless, wasteland wagon trail trek to real lines at Mojave. The massive monster only made a maiden voyage. She not only demanded the service of five men but was quite inflexible on the wagon roads and couldn't keep pace with the mule team that cracked an average up to 20 miles a day.—Photo by Brett Weston.

THE ENDLESS VARIATIONS of Death Valley are depicted in these two pictures. Sand dunes are located a short distance from Stovepipe Wells as you enter the Valley from the Panamints. OLD BORAX WORKS shown in top picture is in the Owen Valley area.

by Brett Weston

The World of Don Ornitz

From Glamor to Guts

Photographer Don Ornitz's work spilled out of 131 issues of 86 different magazines last year.

In one week he worked on a picture story for the *Saturday Evening Post,* "Santa Barbara's Haven for the Aged," a cover for *Life,* a photo for the *Ladies Home Journal* feature, "Can This Marriage Be Saved," and a glamor item for *Esquire* on actress Vickie Dugan.

Then, the 37-year-old camera dynamo packed his bags at his plush Brentwood, Los Angeles, home, kissed his pretty artist wife and two daughters goodby, whirled off to New York to shoot a photo-story on Brooklyn for *Pageant.*

Ornitz today is the epitome of the free lance photographer's dream. He's in the chips, draws down from $200 to $2000 per assignment before splitting with his agent.

He also represents the yearnings of many a hopeful photographer, in that twenty-five per cent of his time is consumed in shooting beautiful dolls.

But this is hardly the story of Ornitz. For in this age of cheesecake he has tried to create a glamor art form of a kind. And on the other side

of his work, as a photo journalist, he is trying to reflect the goings-on of his fellow man.

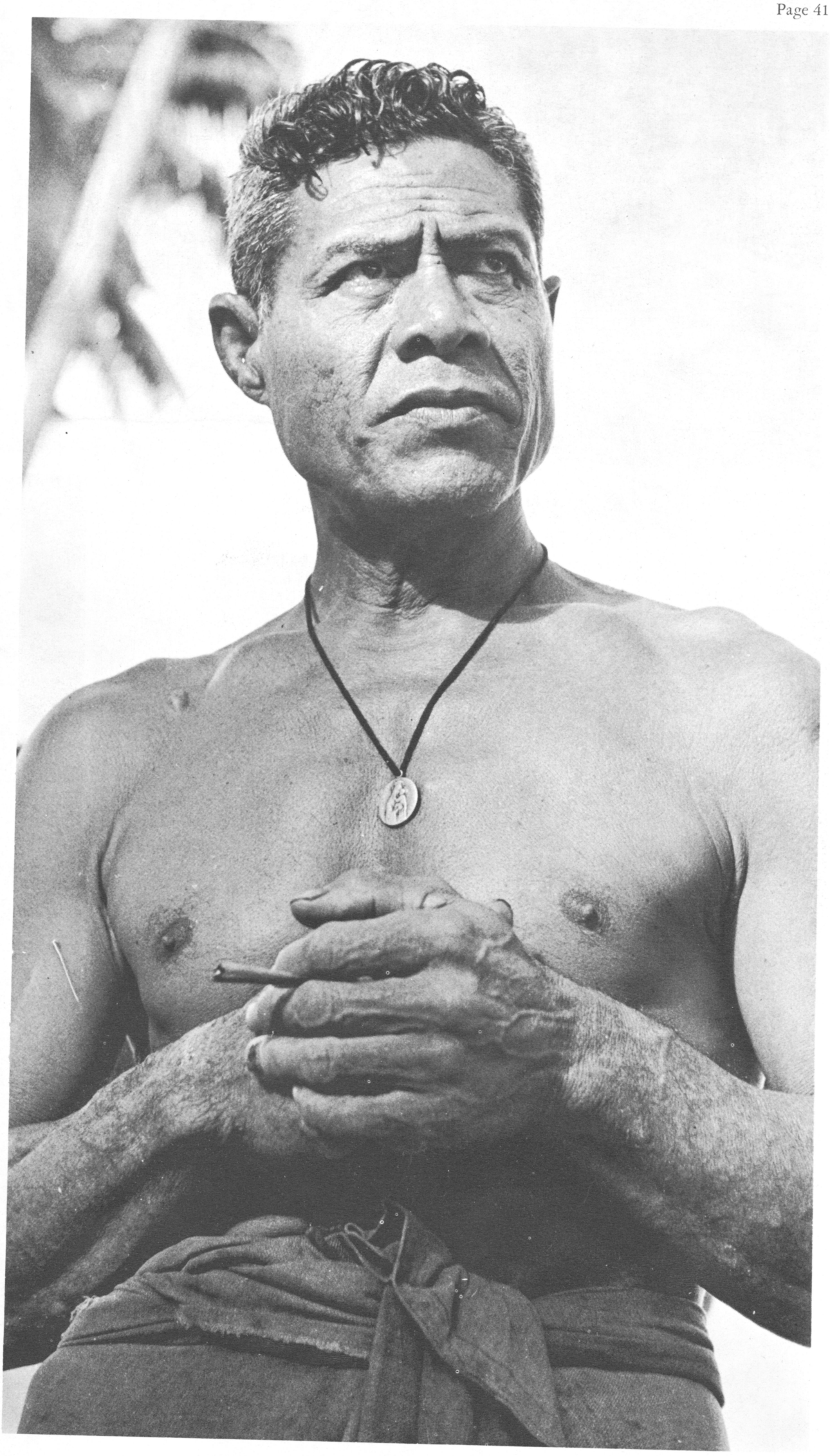
Born in Brooklyn, Ornitz grew up in the cosmos of Los Angeles. His father, Samuel Ornitz, a screen writer, brought the family to California in the mid-twenties. As a youngster Don did little to distinguish himself other than graduate from Hollywood High.

While at high school he started fooling around with a camera, stepped into some movie studio work. The Army Signal Corps turned out to be a good break when World War II came along.

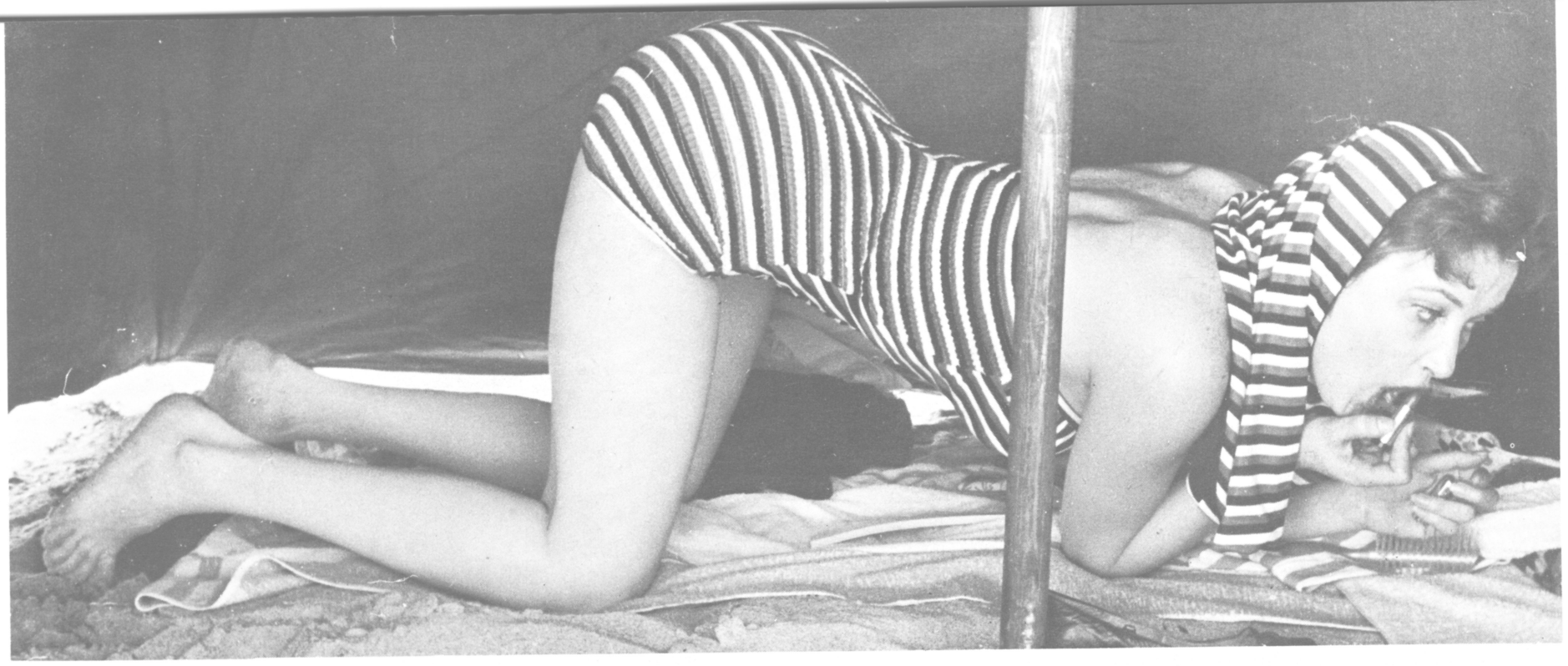
Although much of his work was swallowed up in the huge Army press pools, Ornitz, as a combat photographer—from the jump off in Normandy to the conquest of Germany—managed to shoot up a hell of a lot of film. Much of the time he was assigned to Patton's famed Third Army and the Fourth Armored Division.

Gradually during this period Ornitz migrated to the 35 millimeter camera, a weapon that today he uses for ninety per cent of his work.

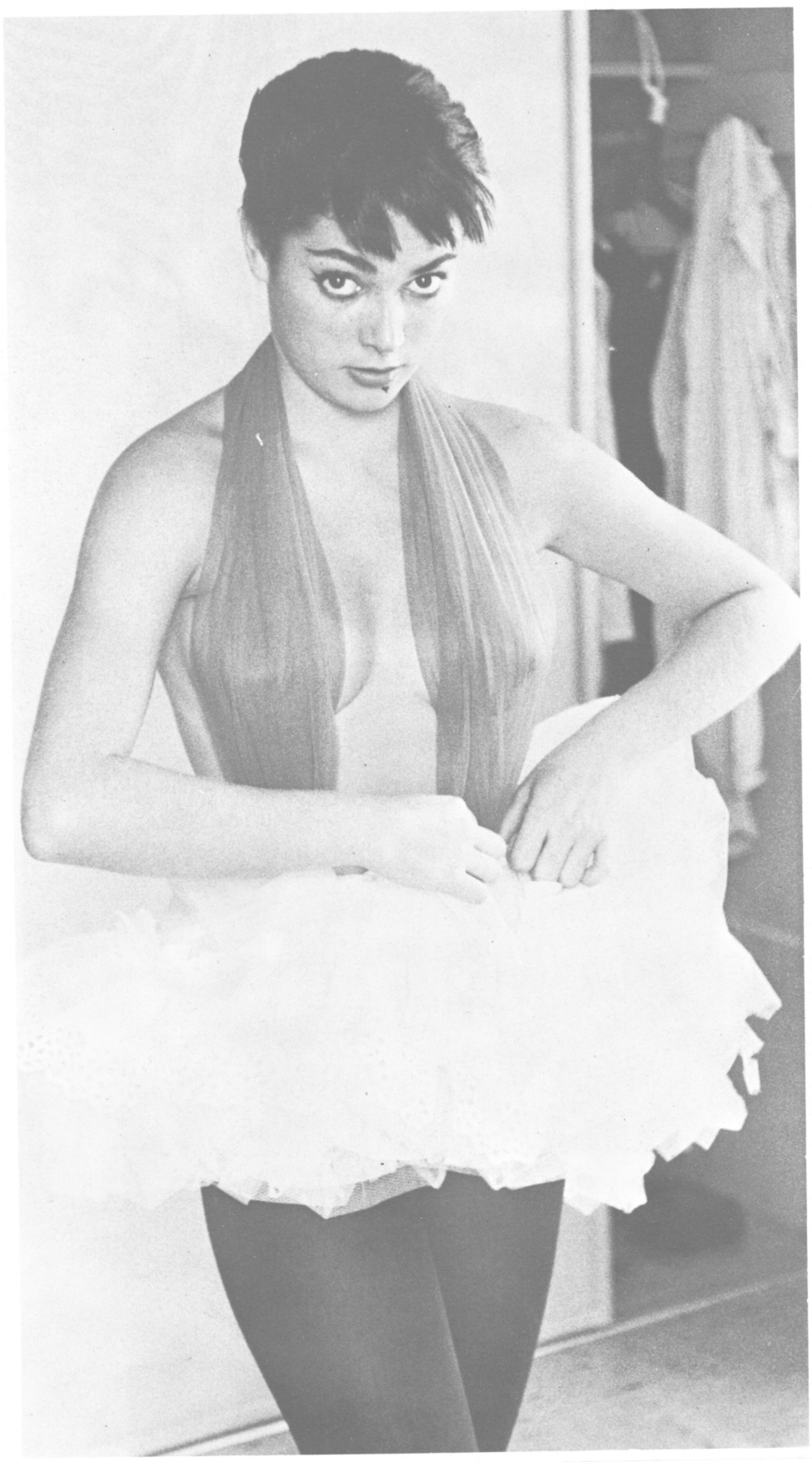
(Continued on page 43)

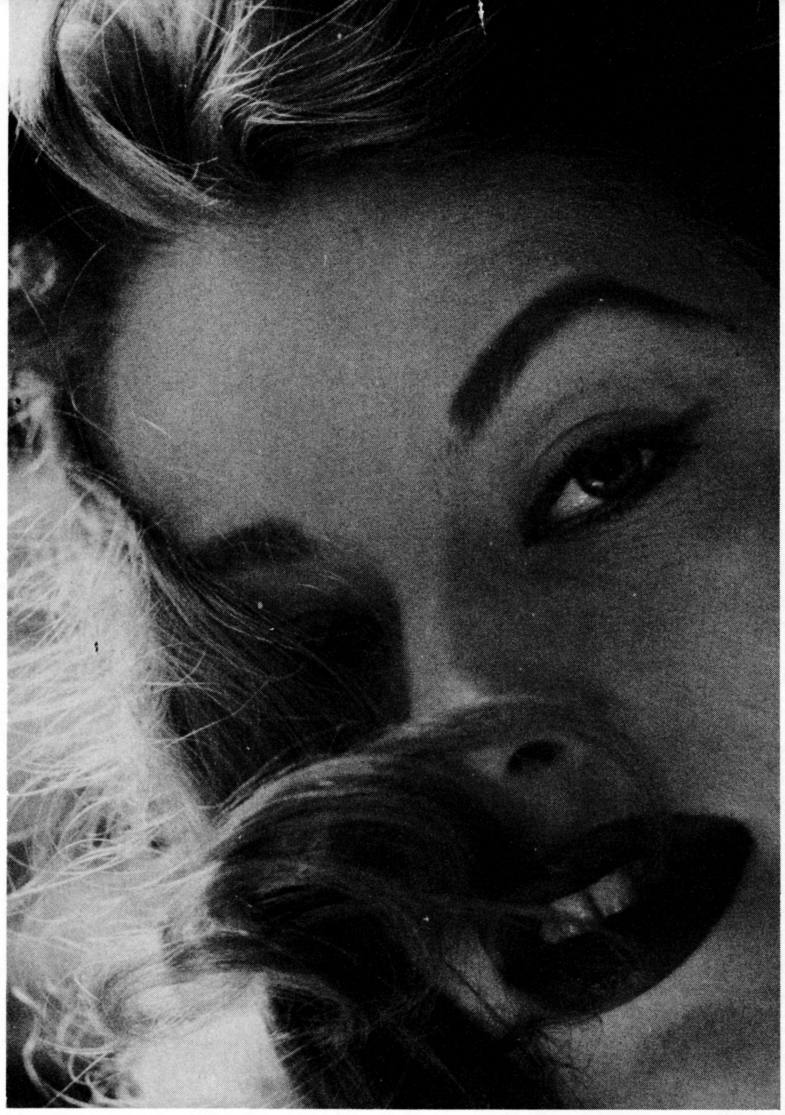


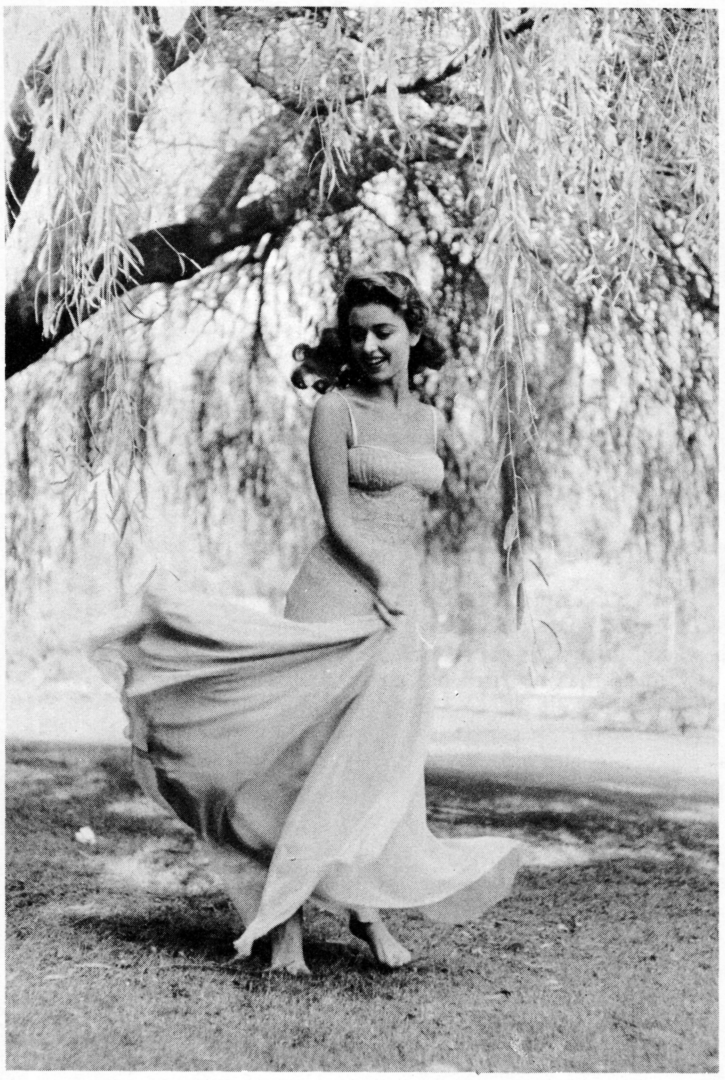
ORNITZ'S ability to sweep from glamor to guts is vividly contrasted in these facing pages. Top left is a picture of photogenic model Venetia Stevenson. At right is a Samoan tribal chief. Bottom shows Indian wranglers on the San Carlos reservation. The rare quality of action seems to be suspended by the dusty light.

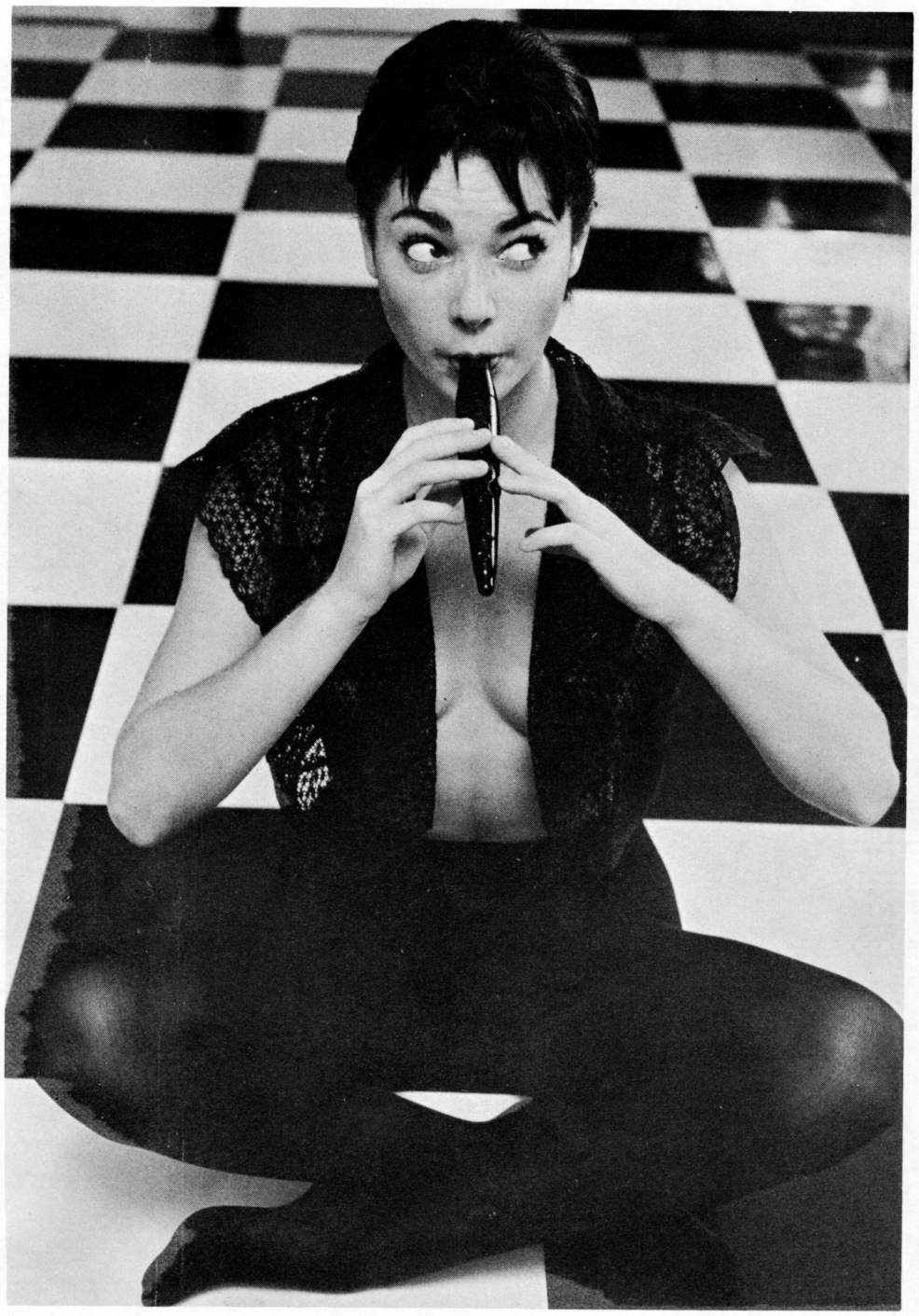


Glamor









Woman Is Her Name

Ornitz has tried to take the ordinary glamor picture and push it as close to an art form as demand will allow. Out of it he has come up with what he calls a kind of new "Southern California art form."

In any case these two pages are quite a reflection of women.

MONO LAKE *Brett Weston*

WINTER FANTASY by Karl Obert

DON'T FENCE ME IN

The fence as a monument to man's perpetual fear and to his inability to control nature is the essence of this photo essay.

How much can be significantly read into the fence is controversial. Many are simply decorative and express a necessary desire in a cluttered world for privacy and minimum protection.

However, on viewing these photographs of the California fence, it appears that some represent our fears, personalities and the power of nature.

The picture of the graves in a cemetery which are already surrounded by a formidable wall would indicate that man is so afraid of death that he must even fence his tired bones in. This situation is somewhat different from the early California miners who staked a grave to prevent coyotes and wolves from literally devouring the carcass while the body was still warm.

Some psychologists say that the fence is a desire on the part of man to return to the womb.

It is possible that house fences can be both friendly and unfriendly and reveal the personalities of the family that live within.

A pointed harsh picket fence fortifying a rock-like structure that looks like a jail is illustrative of an unfriendly fence. The thought of the unfriendly fence is reminescent of the macabre cartoon of Charles Adams done several years back showing an evil looking owner sharpening the points on his spearlike iron fence.

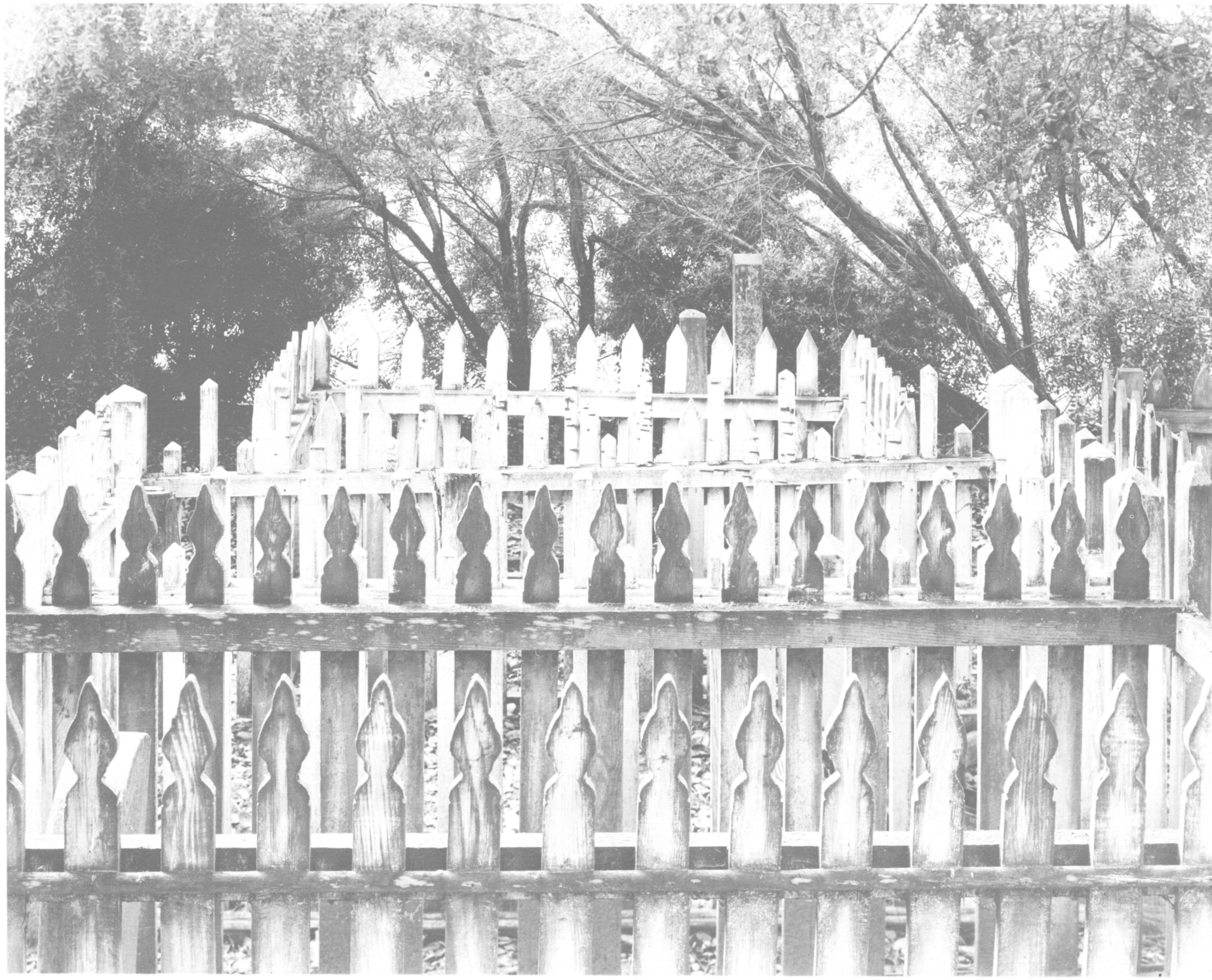
The fencing of governmental and industrial areas is interesting when contrasted with telephone wires, necessary links of communication, which at the same time are such pervaders of privacy.

The friendly fence usually blends with the architecture of the house. To find a representative friendly fen over 300 were searched out. The one photographed mainly decorative and dosen't seem to be keeping a one out. The photographer found that the people livi there reflected its warmth.

Of course many times people live of necessity houses they do not like.

Nature has a strong reaction to the fence. At tim on her path of encirclement and destruction she softe the harsh aspects of the fence as seen in the upper pictu on page 68.

Even the range fence, once the subject of war b tween cattlemen and sheep herders, is soon entwined nature. The pictures on page 69 illustrate the almo feverish energy of nature eating up fences, while on t closing page, the forest in the fog all but obscures t man-made fence below.

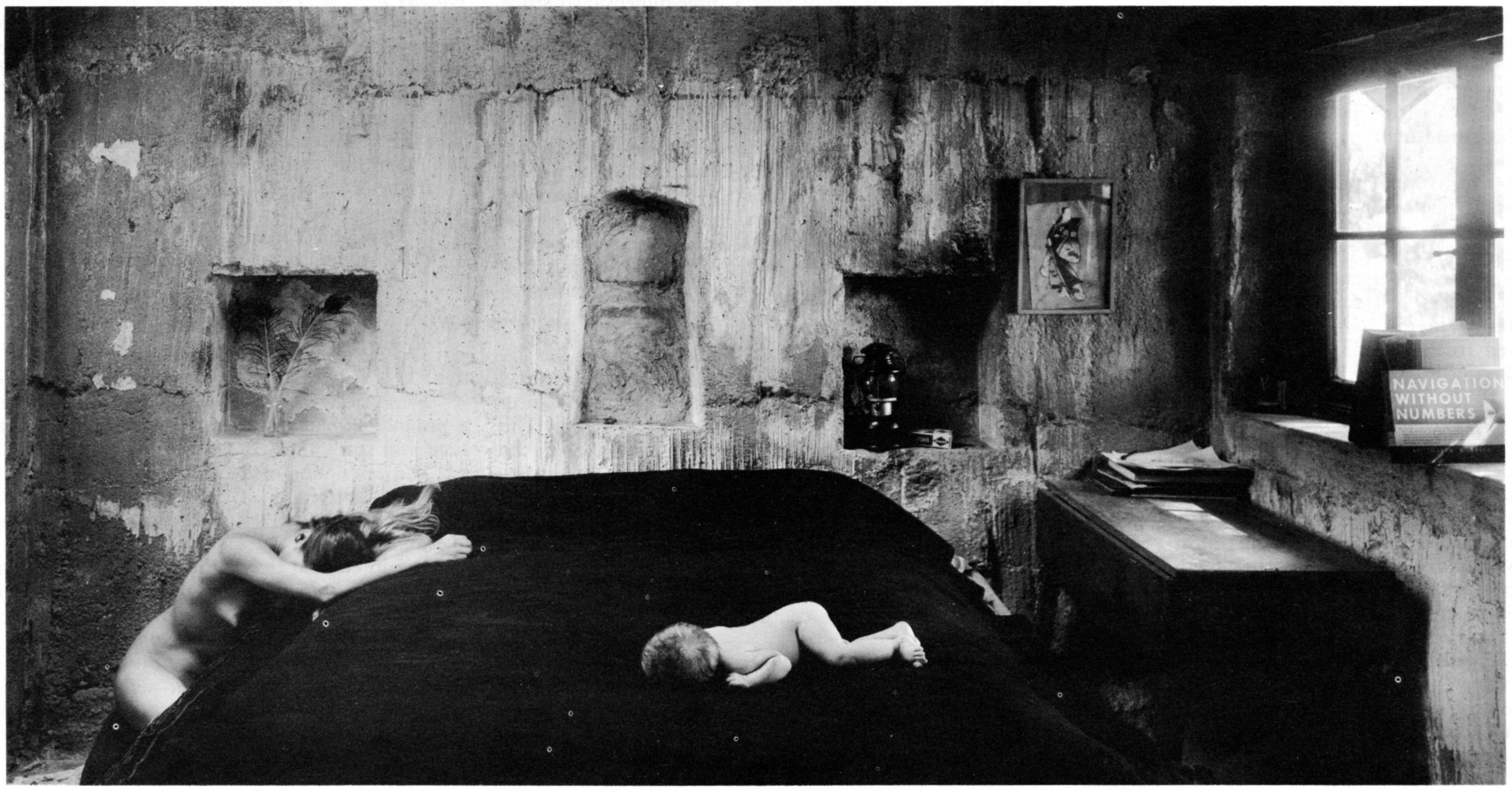


MAN'S FEAR extends to fencing in his grave.

Photos by Wynn Bullock

THE FRIENDLY house fence below is contrasted with the unfriendly fence above. The photo to the left represents the government or industrial fence. See story.

Nature Hates the Fence


NAVIGATION
WITHOUT
NUMBERS

A NEW CONCEPT IN PHOTOGRAPHY

EDITOR'S NOTE

Wynn Bullock about a year ago decided that he had been repeating the themes of many of his successful pictures with subtle surface difference.

Therefore, he began a further search into creative expression.

Gradually he formulated a new concept of photography.

This new concept does not belittle his former work, but instead gives him a method of evaluation.

He discovered that the importance of the meaning of a picture depends on its relation to time and space.

At the same time he found that by photgraphing without preconceived ideas but rather by shooting the object for what it is, he was not repeating himself. Naturally his training, senses, and selectivity still enter into the matter.

Bullock does not regard his theory as something "precious" nor does it mean that he will not take pictures on all levels of meaning—descriptive, form, design, third and fourth dimension.

He has instead discovered a method of evaluating his and other photographers' work, and a philosophical guide as to what to look for in taking a photograph of meaning.

We have, therefore, asked Bullock to state in his own words what his theory is.

By Wynn Bullock

In science there is a common language, mathematics, that aids scientists in their study of nature and the universe.

In photography there is no such common linguistic meeting ground. Because of this, attempts to make clear various aspects of creative expression by critics, writers and photographers have accomplished very little.

For the most part the public's taste has been trained to accept the unreal or trivial world of advertising, publicity and mediocre story telling photographs. True, a handful of sensitive and talented photo-journalists and a few creative photographers working with the large camera know and express the great potentialities of creative camera work.

To extend this understanding to more people, especially photographers, I offer a theory of evaluation based on principles of the real world. Some of these principles are borrowed from the findings of our great mathematicians. Other principles I have obtained from a study of nature.

These principles can be divided into two parts: The first part deals with one, two, three and four dimensional space-time continuums. Einstein and other great scientists bluntly state the real world we live in is a four-dimensional space-time continuum. Most people, I am sure, will immediately assume that for the average man this concept of a four-dimensional space-time world is beyond his mental capacity. Nothing is further from the truth. This is our everyday world. We don't recognize it as such because we are not accustomed to the terms that describe it.

The meaning is found in understanding the word "continuum." This is not a lesson in science. The only purpose in explaining the multi-dimensional space-time continuums of the world of science is to show the relationships that exist between space-time continuums and the one, two, and three dimensional symbols that make up the photographic image and give it meaning.

Some study is required. There is no other way.

A continuum is something that is continuous.

The road a bus travels is a one-dimensional space continuum. Whether it be one, or two, or three dimensional, the characteristic of a continuum is—*the intervals separating any two points may be divided into an infinite number of arbitrarily small steps.* This statement is not difficult to understand if taken literally word for word. It is amazing that the meaning of one word is the basis of a scientific view that underlies *all* modern conceptions of the universe of which our real world is but a tiny part. However, it is not necessary to understand how scientists use it to ferret out the secrets of matter, time and space. It is only necessary to understand its meaning as it applies to much of our everyday life.

To clarify the relationship of continuums to man's work-a-day world, let me cite some examples. The bus road previously mentioned is a one-dimensional space continuum. Let us assume the bus goes by road from Monterey to San Francisco. Between the two points, Monterey and San Francisco, are two cities, Gilroy and San Jose, at which the bus stops. Each city is located in miles as measured intervals between the two points. To describe the physical event, the bus' travel, it is not enough to designate its position in space. Its changes of position must be stated in terms of *time* which change the one-dimensional space continuum to a two-dimensional space. The travel of a real bus cannot exist except in both space and time. Therefore, the everyday use of the bus is a literal expression of a two-dimensional space continuum. How else can one schedule a bus for passenger use?

To sail a boat a sailor has to contend with a two-dimensional space continuum. The two co-ordinate points at which he fixes his special position is longitude and latitude. To do this he must add the dimension of time because to compute longitude and latitude accurately the sailor must know the time of day and the day of the year. Again by the addition of *time* a three-dimensional space continuum is created. Make very clear it is not merely a mathematical formula but an unescapable expression of the real world.

The same applies to airplane travel except that to longitude and latitude, altitude is added. To the plane's three-dimensional space continuum, time—the fourth dimension—is added to make it a part of the real world. This can be translated into specific terms. For example, an airplane is travelling from San Francisco to Hongkong. If the flight is a physical reality it is necessary to consider it not as a series of disconnected landings and take-offs, but as a continuous curve in a four-dimensional space continuum. This is the event in the real world. It cannot be otherwise except in an imaginary world.

Photography, because of the character of its tools, has great power to express reality. The painter and writer recreate the world through their memory processes. The camera directly records that which is before it. To be sure, the creative mind, both in photography and painting, can construct a wonderful world of fantasy and imaginary beauty. But for the photographer I believe realism is the strongest expression. For this reason anything that increases his awareness of the real world is vital to his development and creative growth. An understanding of space-time continuums will give impetus to this growth.

One way this is accomplished is by indicating certain relationships that exist between the one, two, three and four dimensional space continuums and the one, two, three and four dimensional symbols which make up the photographic visual image and give it meaning.

These dimensional symbols are:

(1) One-dimensional line (length)
(2) Two-dimensional design (length—breadth)
(3) Three-dimensional (form—length—thickness)
(4) Time added to the previous dimensions raise each one dimension thereby adding reality to their meanings.

If one thinks of these dimensions as dimensions existing in the real world of space-time continuums one will breach a psychological block which causes people to describe nature rather than to understand and reveal it.

For example, one may photograph strings to express a clever line abstraction. As an exercise or abstract composition it has meaning. However, if when one photographs the meaning of a line he thinks of the meaning of a *road* as a two-dimensional space-time continuum, his chances of creating a good photograph improve. In these terms he would think of roads, tracks, etc., as realistic and one-dimensional objects of the real world existing in space-time. This anchors his mind in the real world of objects existing in space-time. One might ask how can he express time. The answer is simple. A road can only exist in space and every foot of the road is a measure of time. By developing a greater awareness of time as one might develop a greater awareness of form or size it is possible to express time in many ways. Varying the distance between two points varies the dimensional quality of time. For example, the figure of a man related to a distant mountain. The character of the objects themselves creates varying time dimensions. The time dimension of a snowflake is measured by seconds—that of a mountain by millions of years. With people the young versus the old give opposing expressions of time. The ways to express time are endless.

Along with a growth in awareness is created the need for a greater sense of selectivity. The mind trained to see more must be trained to evaluate and separate the meaningful from the unmeaningful or be cluttered.

As the concept of continuums finds its meaning rooted in the natural laws of the universe I have developed an order of evaluation also derived from nature.

The basic principle that gives meaning to this order finds expression in the concept that *a thing is not what you say it is, it is what it is.* The reverse of this is that *a thing is what you say it is.* These two statements have sharp differences of meaning, deeply controversial in character. The first emphasizes sense perception for purposes of evaluation. The second emphasizes the intellect for purposes of evaluation. Granted no two persons have the same sense reactions, I prefer to trust the senses more than the intellect.

In the order of evaluation:

(1) The bio-chemical tree is more important than an object tree,
(2) An object tree is more important than a description of the tree,
(3) A description is more important than an inference.

The bio-chemical tree is on the first level of evaluation. It is the tree, the fact, the event in space-time.

The object tree is next in importance because it is a product of our senses and perceptions as an object in time and space.

The description of the tree is on a lower level because the sense awareness of the tree becomes modifid by mental and intellectual evaluations often of the most questionable value.

The inferential tree is the lowest order of evaluation in that the tree is no longer an object or descriptive tree but an intellectual tree, a thought, an idea, a notion.

What I have said gives no rules for creative expression. Such rules have little or no value anyway. It does offer the photographer a way, a direction that should permit him to develop a greater awareness of the real world, increase his sense of evaluation, and by so doing help him to speak creatively.

4th DIMENSION : time - space

4th dimension

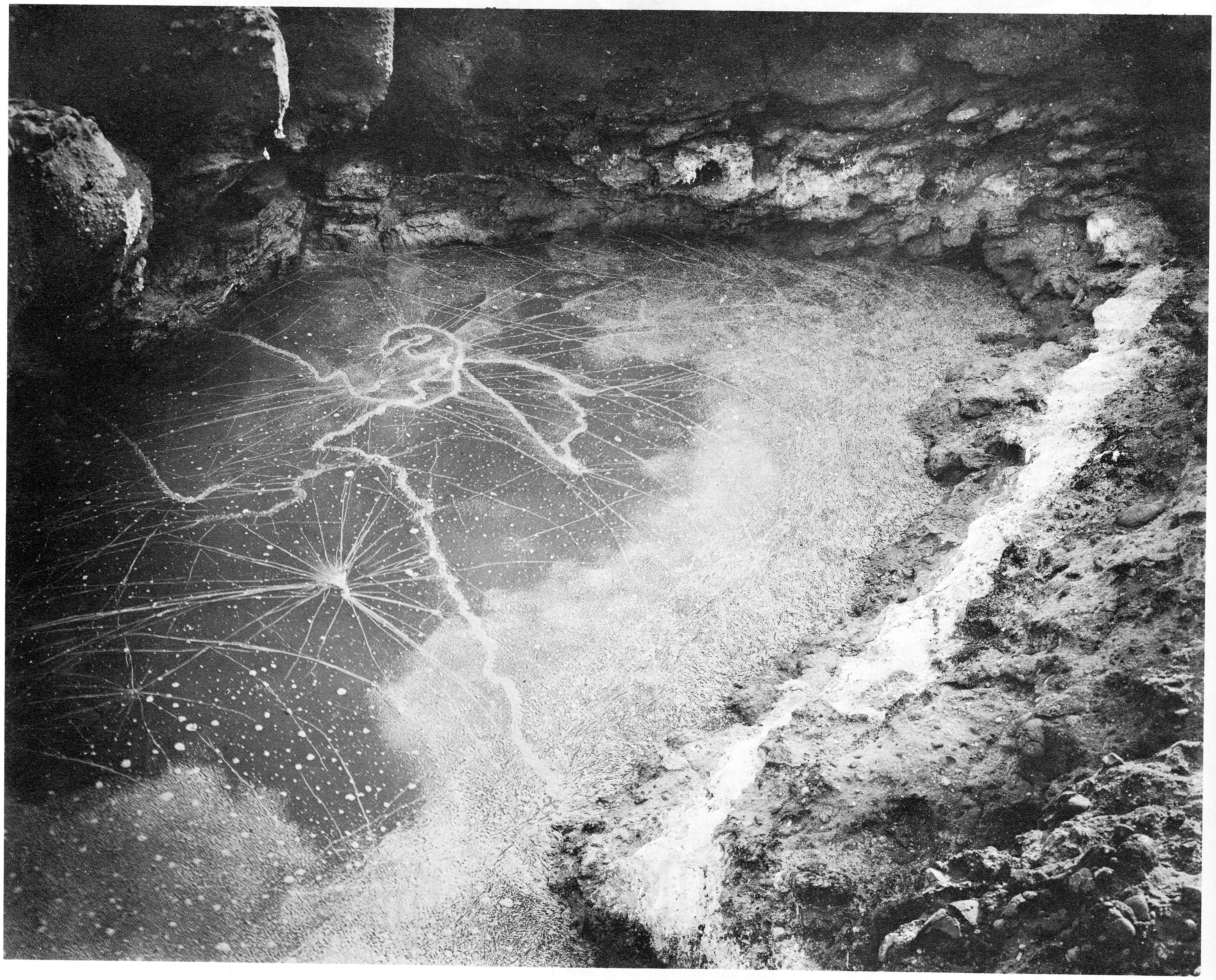


PHOTO is of tidepool at Point Lobos. Thin film on water is formed by microscopic organisms.

MUTILATED TREES

THESE TWO NUDES, photographed since Bullock's move to the 4th dimension, show that he does not regard his theory in a "precious" sense, but plans to continue taking photographs in all dimensions. He regards his theory mainly as a measurement to evaluate his and other photographers' work. Both of the nudes have elements of time and space as far as the subject matter allows. But they may not be as meaningful in important time as the dimension pictures.

A TREE GROWS

The Story of Regional TV

- Development
- Personalities
- Operation

John Cohan and his cohorts are building a new and different MOUSETRAP along the middle California coast.

Only a few years ago Regional Television was declared an impossibility, too expensive to pay off.

As one of the first Regional TV stations on the coast, it is a good example of how a new industry is built, with a combination of guts, luck, talent, perseverance and persuasion.

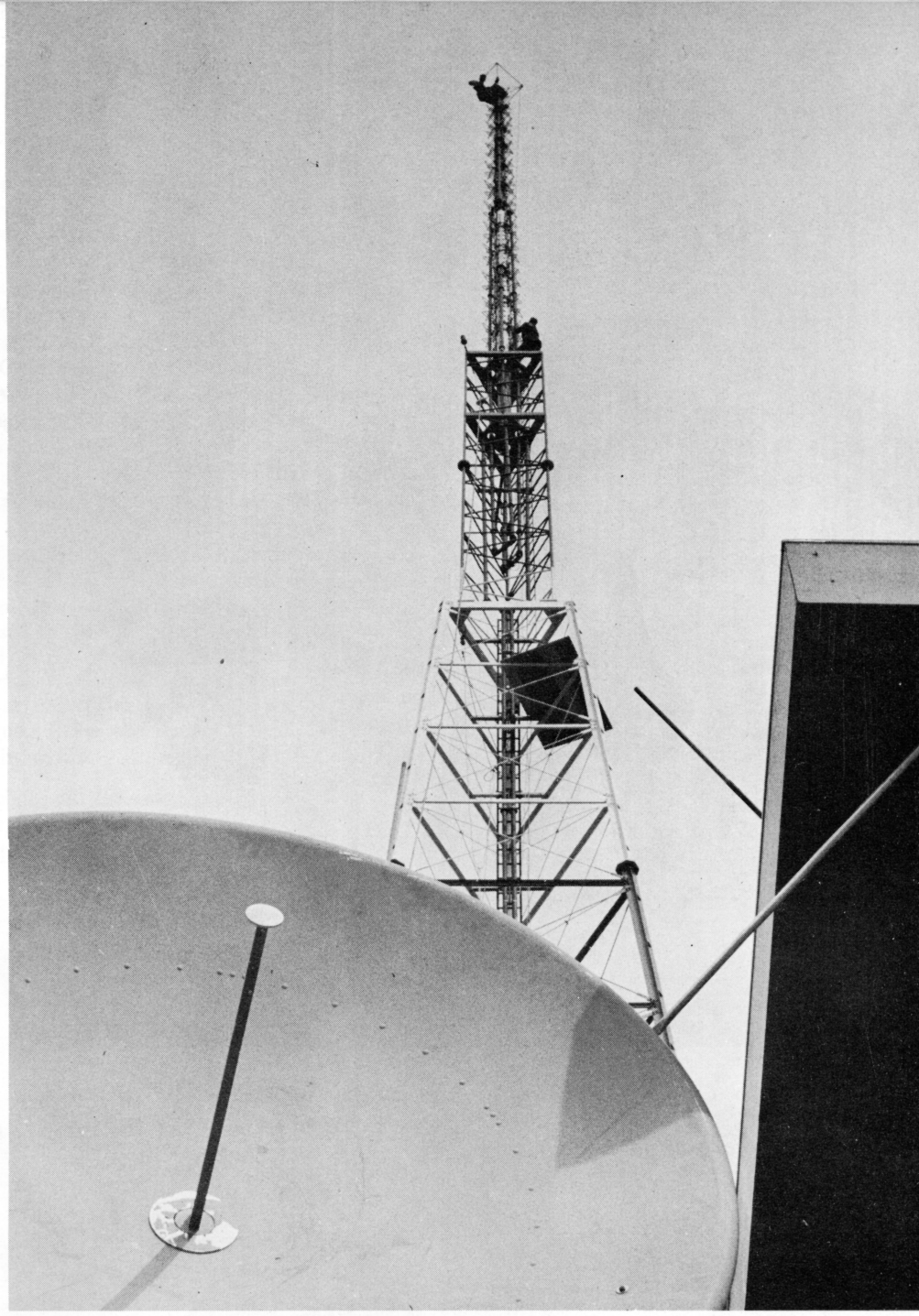
It points up both the strength and weakness of present day TV; records another probable saga in the rags-to-riches story of the American industry.

The Salinas Valley Broadcasting Corporation today is a combination of two television outlets, Channel 8, KSBW in Salinas-Monterey, and Channel 6, KSBY in San Luis Obispo; two sister radio stations, KSBW in Salinas and KVEC in San Luis Obispo.

A decade ago its radio stations were non-existent. Six years ago its television outlets not more than a dream in the active, imaginary minds of its John Cohan and Bill Oates.

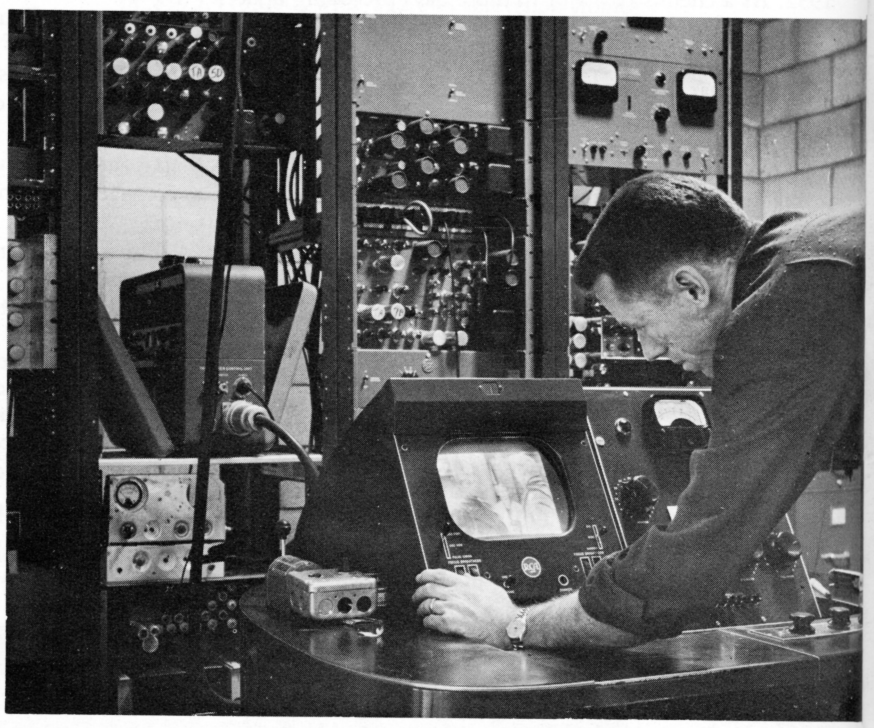
Today its television market sweeps an area from San Jose in the north down through Santa Cruz, the Monterey Peninsula to below King City in the south. There it is joined by its sister outlet that runs from King City to San Luis Obispo to below Santa Maria and Lompoc. Its primary fringe area signals seek out the Central California San Joaquin Valley towns, including Modesto and Merced.

Continued



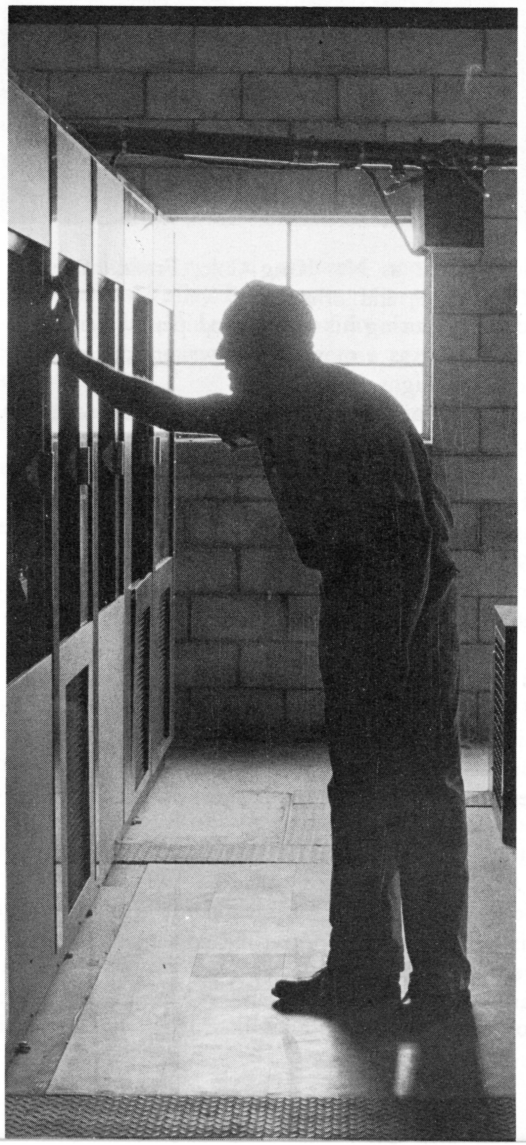
Below is the expansive new main building of The Salinas Valley Broadcasting Corporation in Salinas while above is shown part of its new $400,000 *transmission installation used by Channel* 8 *KSBW to beam its programs, and to microwave some of its programs to its sister station Channel* 6 *KSBY-TV in San Luis Obispo.*

Photos of Regional TV by Wynn Bullock



The Story of Regional TV

TELEVISION is an industry of constant split-second timing, unlike a newspaper that becomes a finality when its presses roll. It is a mismash of electronic gear and people. Above is Ken Reid, engineer, switching programs, as Claude Mann and News Digest go off the air. Above, Bill Hargan, director of technical operations, checks more gear while below, Merle Vaughn, transmitter engineer on Fremont Peak, checks equipment that steps up the power as the electronic signal goes out to a waiting public.



wall, if not half way through it, came up with the unlikely idea of borrowing money from the bank. After all, he argued, they did have a highly profitable Salinas radio station going. But in the dubious era and area of television it was unheard of for a bank to finance a television station, especially experimental Regional TV.

Intrepid, smooth-talking Cohan went to the Salinas Bank of America, after lengthy and persuasive arguments came up with a $75,000 loan, much to the dismay of his colleagues if not the bankers themselves. The bank financed the down payment on the equipment while RCA carried the balance.

It must, however, be pointed out that the Salinas community has some pecularities. Suffering from a needless inferiority complex toward its more scenic rich and sophisticated neighbor, the Monterey Peninsula, it is quick to react to the support of developments in its area as well as community causes.

A community with a good deal of culture in its own right, it is still one that prefers baseball to art museums.

An example of its ability to react to community causes was demonstrated in 1952, when Cohan fostered a one day Red Cross funds campaign. With a round-the-clock radio station appeal, Salinas met its goal in a single day, where many communities throughout the state, with longer drives, failed to meet theirs.

Cohan no sooner had his television equipment than he found that Bing Crosby and other moneyed interests had applied to the FCC for a station on the Monterey Peninsula.

Cohan, realizing this would mean endless delays for both groups, and that he had nowhere near the pocket book of the crooner, decided to join them.

He suggested that the two independent stations share television broadcasting time, each getting three hours apiece each day.

The FCC approved the unique innovation. As a result both KSBW-TV with studios in Salinas and KMBY-TV with separate studios in Monterey, both independent companies, went on the air in the fall of 1953.

Cohan and his television station, starting largely with little knowledge of the new field, plus the disadvantage of building a new advertising market, grossed $11,000 the first month and lost $15,000. During this period its profitable radio station saved its neck.

Cohan knew that he must eventually take over the KMBY-TV station on the Peninsula if his television station was ever to pay off.

From the first, Cohan had guessed rightly that Crosby and associates were more interested in capital gains than in building a lifelong company.

As the KSBW-TV operations pulled into the black in 1954, Cohan's Salinas Valley Broadcasting Corporation, to the tune of $200,000 and accepting its debts, bought out the Peninsula KMBY-TV and radio station.

They quickly merged the TV station with KSBW and sold off the Peninsula radio station.

This time Cohan raised the money by various means, including the support of civic-minded Salinas businessmen, mostly lettuce growers and shippers.

Despite continued financial maneuvering, Cohan has somehow managed to stay on top. Today he still owns or has an option on 48 per cent of the corporation stock, with Bill Oates having an additional 25 per cent. Between them they maintain control.

The television station, with constant additional investments for equipment and improvements, has never so far been a big money maker or been able to pay more than five per cent on its investment.

In 1956 it had a net profit of $40,000. Last year with a gross of $800,000, it will probably do better.

In the past eighteen months Cohan and company have made two more important moves.

Realizing that national advertising comes from area coverage and population, he has sought to increase both.

By then the television station had three networks, CBS, NBC and ABC and was programming most of the top shows in the country.

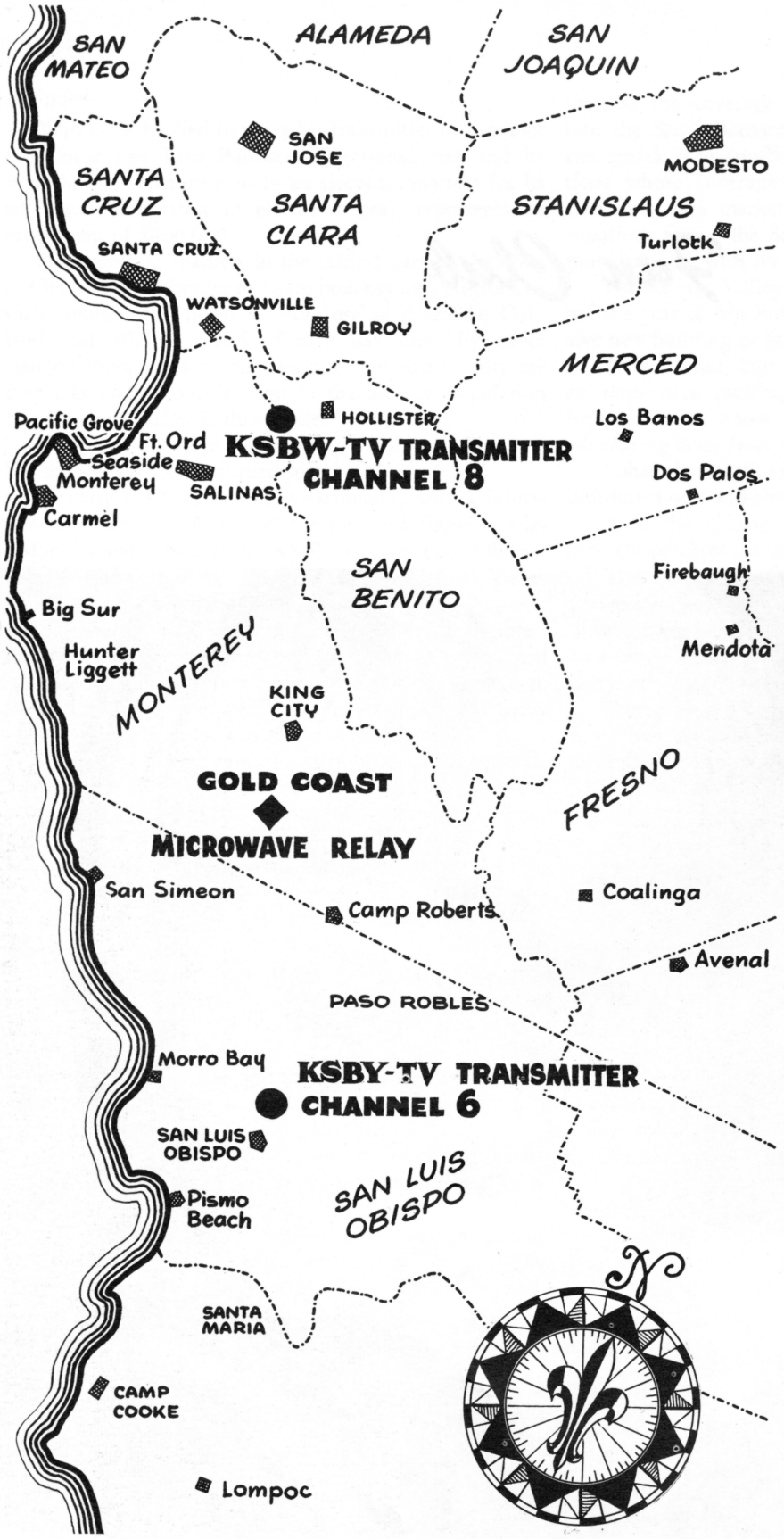
Cohan had a problem. He knew if the power of his Mount Toro transmitter were increased, it would beam down Market Street in San Francisco. This move would bring down on his head the wrath of the national affiliates there.

Continued

ROWENA KIMZEY, a pretty 25 year old boss's secretary, who has vaulted to Station Manager of KSBY-TV.

Fun Club

GARY FERLISI, who doubles as program-director, news announcer and a few other jobs, also has a program of his own, the FUN CLUB, one of the highest rated children's programs on the coast, shown in action here.



MAP shows extensive area spanned by the Salinas Valley Broadcasting Corporation's Regional TV outlets.

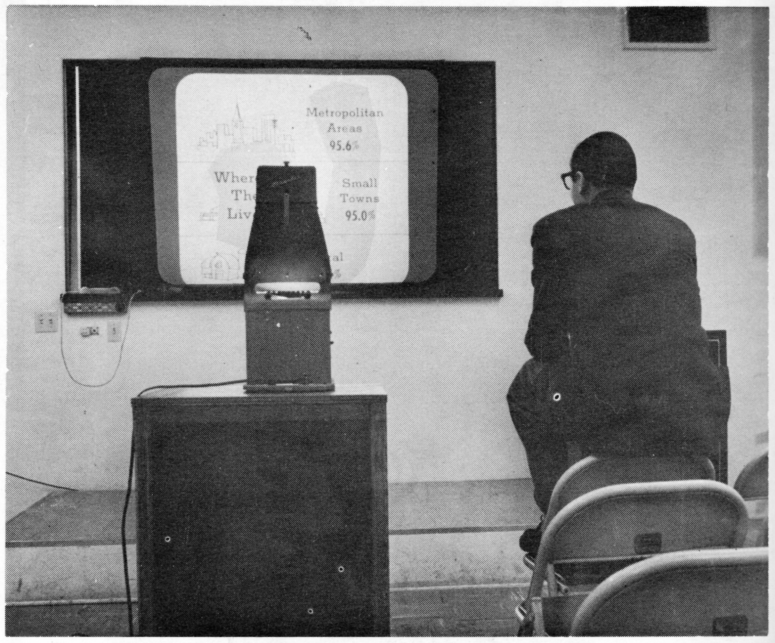
Television is a complex industry requiring many diversified talents. One of the basic precepts of the organization is built around dovetailing a staff trained to do many jobs. A few members of its operational staff are shown here: The Promotion Department's Jaci Samuelson, working with artist; Promotion head Clarke Bradley, studying a new campaign; Graham Moore, Sales Manager sending a teletype message to New York; cameraman working in darkroom.

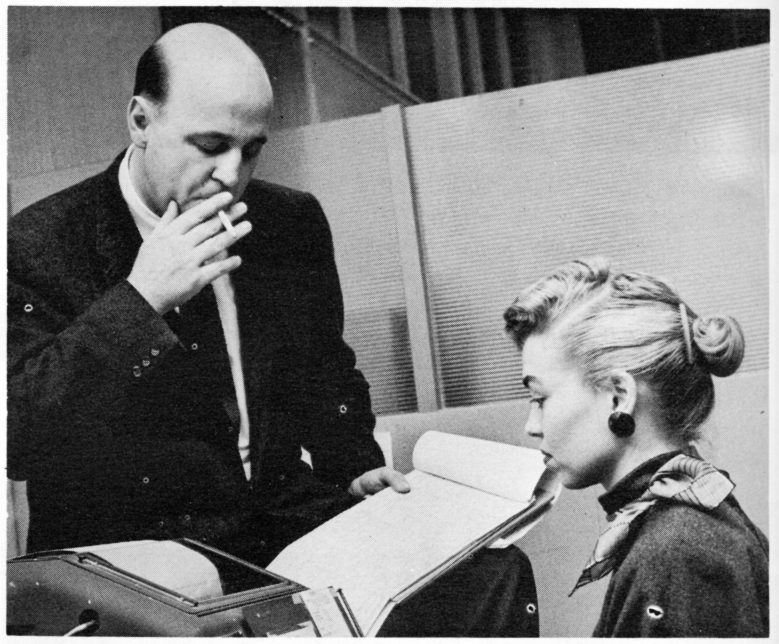
(Continued from page 84)

The corporation's television stations are also fortunate that they have available to them the rolling equipment and personnel of their radio stations. Recently KSBW obtained a new magnetic sound striping film, which permits a movie cameraman to get both the voices and action synchronized on film at one time, doing away with much bulky sound equipment.

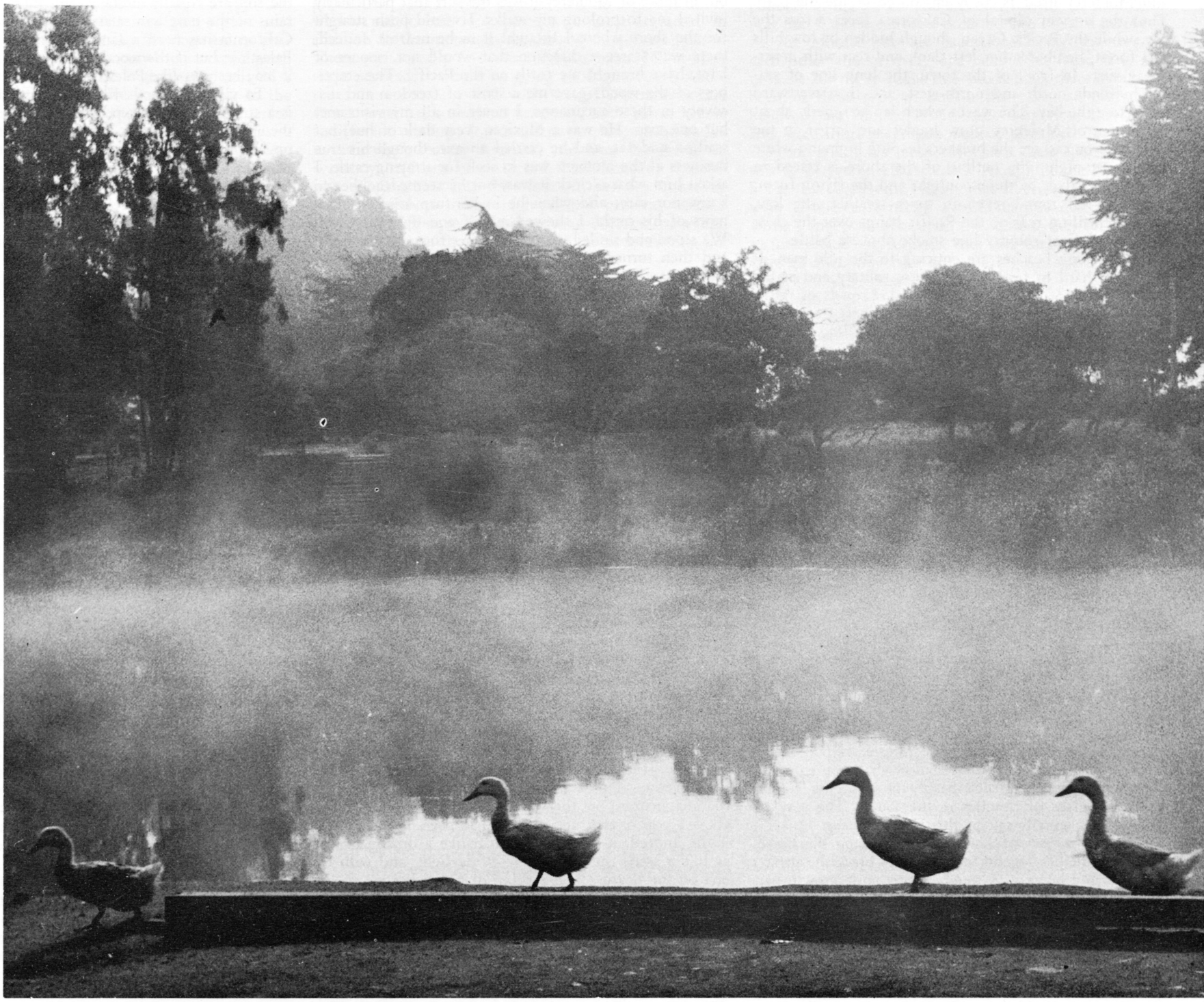
In the jungle that is American enterprise, Regional TV has now made a niche, a niche that cannot help but grow as inventions improve its technique, spread its capacity. What was an imposibility in 1950 will be taken as a matter of course in the year 2000.

But along its way the often mediocre, balance with brilliance that furnished its impetus, will be remembered. This is but a record of what will remain part of the California Saga.





Path Of History . . Monterey



Lake El Estero. *Path of History photos by Wynn Bullock*

MONTEREY today is an exporter of pleasant memories. And these are best captured in its Path of History, one of the best preserved relics in the State.

Monterey today is a town that lives off its nearby military installations, its adjacent cities—including the overflow from a more vigorous uncommercial, very commercial Carmel, the tourist, the retired. It is a hanger-on to a prosperous State and area.

It lost the State capital a century ago. More recently its sardine disappeared, collapsing its only active industry, fish, and turning a real fisherman's wharf into a center of interesting tourist activities and traps.

But eventually Monterey, a sufferer in a period of between generations leadership, is destined to once again become the center of the area both commercially and culturally, due to its peculiar geographic location as the center of the Monterey Peninsula.

Although Monterey's leadership has slumbered, the city and the Peninsula has multiplied in heads. And statistically starting with a few, its expansion of numbers actually threatens the hobgoblin of Los Angeles in percentages of multiplication, having had a fourfold enlargement in the past decade.

But this is not an article on the development of Monterey. It is not to be contrasted to the Santa Barbara Story, a past, present, future analysis, but rather a gentle look into the past through the eyes of its Path of History.

On searching old magazine files, we came upon Robert Louis Stevenson's original essay on Monterey of 1880. Stevenson, an unknown, and already in ill-health and broke, lived here in the autumn of 1879. Originally his observations appeared in *Frazer,* an English journal in 1880. The article was reprinted in the same year in the American magazine, *Library. Library* was sort of an early-day *Readers Digest,* only a bit more literary and controversial. The article, a collector's item, is a searching piece into the period, and therefore the unabridged text, which even if it steps on a toe or two, is reprinted here.

Although much of the architecture was of more spectacular photogenic material in its unrepaired past, we decided to rephotograph it as it actually appears in preservation today. Wynn Bullock was assigned to do the photography.

Incidentally the preservation of historic Monterey, which should well have been begun years earlier, is one of the best preserved areas in California. This is a tribute to the work of the Monterey Art and Historical Society, The State of California, the Chamber of Commerce and the City Government. The State through its Parks and Beaches Division, and more especially its district office here, under the leadership of J. T. Chaffee, is continuing to push in this direction. Recently the office has undertaken to make the Old Pacific House on Alvarado, once a hotel, into an accurate museum of Monterey's history.

The Old Pacific Capital

By Robert Louis Stevenson

● The Bay of Monterey has been compared by no less a person than General Sherman to a bent fishing-hook; and the comparison, if less important than the march through Georgia, still shows the eye of a soldier for topography. Santa Cruz sits exposed at the shank; the mouth of the Salinas river is at the middle of the bend; and Monterey itself is cosily ensconced beside the barb. Thus the ancient capital of California faces across the bay, while the Pacific Ocean, though hidden by low hills and forest, bombards her left flank and rear with never-dying surf. In front of the town, the long line of sea-beach trends north and north-west, and then westward to enclose the bay. The waves which lap so quietly about the jetties of Monterey grow louder and larger in the distance; you can see the breakers leaping high and white by day; at night, the outline of the shore is traced in transparent silver by the moonlight and the flying foam; and from all round, even in quiet weather, the low, distant, thrilling roar of the Pacific hangs over the coast and the adjacent country like smoke above a battle.

These long beaches are enticing to the idle man. It would be hard to find a walk more solitary and at the same time more exciting to the mind. Crowds of ducks and sea-gulls hover over the sea. Sandpipers trot in and out by troops after the retiring waves, trilling together in a chorus of infinitesimal song. Strange sea-tangles, new to the European eye, the bones of whales, or sometimes a whole whale's carcass, white with carrion-gulls and poisoning the wind, lie scattered here and there along the sands. The waves come in slowly, vast and green, curve their translucent necks, and burst with a surprising uproar, that runs, waxing and waning, up and down the long key-board of the beach. The foam of these great ruins mounts in an instant to the ridge of the sand glacis, swiftly fleets back again, and is met and buried by the next breaker. The interest is perpetually fresh. On no other coast that I know shall you enjoy, in calm, sunny weather, such beauty of changing colour, or such degrees of thunder in the sound. The very air is more than usually salt by this Homeric deep.

Inshore, a tract of sand-hills borders on the beach. Here and there a lagoon, more or less brackish, attracts the birds and hunters. A rough, spotty undergrowth partially conceals the sand. The crouching, hardy live-oaks flourish singly or in thickets—the kind of wood for murderers to crawl among—and here and there the skirts of the forest extend downward from the hills with a floor of turf and long aisles of pine-trees hung with Spaniard's Beard. Through this quaint desert the railway cars drew near to Monterey from the junction at Salinas City—though that and so many other things are now for ever altered—and it was from here that you had the first view of the old township lying in the sands, its white windmills bickering in the chill, perpetual wind, and the first fogs of the evening drawing drearily around it from the sea.

The one common note of all this country is the haunting presence of the ocean. A great faint sound of breakers follows you high up into the inland cañons; the roar of water dwells in the clean, empty rooms of Monterey as in a shell upon the chimney; go where you will you have but to pause and listen to hear the voice of the Pacific. You pass out of the town to the south-west, and mount the hill among pine woods. Glade, thicket, and grove surround you. You follow winding sandy tracks that lead nowhither. You see a deer; a multitude of quail arises. But the sound of the sea still follows you as you advance, like that of wind among the trees, only harsher and stranger to the ear; and when at length you gain the summit, out breaks on every hand and with freshened vigour, that same unending, distant, whispering rumble of the ocean; for now you are on the top of Monterey peninsula, and the noise no longer only mounts to you from behind along the beaches towards Santa Cruz, but from your right also, round by Chinatown and Pinos lighthouse, and from down before you to the mouth of the Carmello river. The whole woodland is begirt with thundering surges. The silence that immediately surrounds you where you stand is not so much broken as it is haunted by this distant, circling rumour. It sets your senses upon edge; you strain your attention; you are clearly and unusually conscious of small sounds near at hand; you walk listening like an Indian hunter; and that voice of the Pacific is a sort of disquieting company to you in your walk.

When once I was in these woods I found it difficult to turn homeward. All woods lure a rambler onward; but in those of Monterey it was the surf that particularly invited me to prolong my walks. I would push straight for the shore where I thought it to be nearest. Indeed, there was scarce a direction that would not, sooner or later, have brought me forth on the Pacific. The emptiness of the woods gave me a sense of freedom and discovery in these excursions. I never in all my visits met but one man. He was a Mexican, very dark of hue, but smiling and fat, and he carried an axe, though his true business at the moment was to seek for straying cattle. I asked him what o'clock it was, but he seemed neither to know nor care; and when he in his turn asked me for news of his cattle, I showed myself equally indifferent. We stood and smiled upon each other for a few seconds, and then turned without a word and took our several ways across the forest.

One day—I shall never forget it—I had taken a trail that was new to me. After a while the woods began to open, the sea to sound nearer at hand. I came upon a road, and, to my surprise, a stile. A step or two farther, and, without leaving the woods, I found myself among trim houses. I walked through street after street, parallel and at right angles, paved with sward and dotted with trees, but still undeniable streets, and each with its name posted at the corner, as in a real town. Facing down the main thoroughfare—'Central Avenue,' as it was ticketed—I saw an open-air temple, with benches and sounding-board, as though for an orchestra. The houses were all tightly shuttered; there was no smoke, no sound but of the waves, no moving thing. I have never been in any place that seemed so dreamlike. Pompeii is all in a bustle with visitors, and its antiquity and strangeness deceive the imagination; but this town had plainly not been built above a year or two, and perhaps had been deserted overnight. Indeed, it was not so much like a deserted town as like a scene upon the stage by daylight, and with no one on the boards. The barking of a dog led me at last to the only house still occupied, where a Scotch pastor and his wife pass the winter alone in this empty theatre. The place was 'The Pacific Camp Grounds, the Christian Seaside Resort.' Thither, in the warm season, crowds come to enjoy a life of teetotalism, religion, and flirtation, which I am willing to think blameless and agreeable. The neighborhood at least is well selected. The Pacific booms in front. Westward is Point Pinos, with the lighthouse in a wilderness of sand, where you will find the lightkeeper playing the piano, making models and bows and arrows, studying dawn and sunrise in amateur oil-painting, and with a dozen other elegant pursuits and interests to surprise his brave, old-country rivals. To the east, and still nearer, you will come upon a space of open down, a hamlet, a haven among rocks, a world of surge and screaming sea-gulls. Such scenes are very similar in different climates; they appear homely to the eyes of all; to me this was like a dozen spots in Scotland. And yet the boats that ride in the haven are of strange outlandish design; and, if you walk into the hamlet, you will behold costumes and faces and hear a tongue that are unfamiliar to the memory. The joss-stick burns, the opium pipe is smoked, the floors are strewn with slips of coloured paper—prayers, you would say, that had somehow missed their destination—and a man guiding his upright pencil from right to left across the sheet, writes home the news of Monterey to the Celestial Empire.

The woods and the Pacific rule between them the climate of this seaboard region. On the streets of Monterey, when the air does not smell salt from the one, it will be blowing perfumed from the resinous tree-tops of the other. For days together a hot, dry air will overhang the town, close as from an oven, yet healthful and aromatic in the nostrils. The cause is not far to seek, for the woods are afire, and the hot wind is blowing from the hills. These fires are one of the great dangers of California. I have seen from Monterey as many as three at the same time, by day a cloud of smoke, by night a red coal of conflagration in the distance. A little thing will start them, and, if the wind be favourable, they gallop over miles of country faster than a horse. The inhabitants must turn out and work like demons, for it is not only the pleasant groves that are destroyed; the climate and the soil are equally at stake, and these fires prevent the rains of the next winter and dry up perennial fountains. California has been a land of promise in its time, like Palestine; but if the woods continue so swiftly to perish, it may become, like Palestine, a land of desolation.

To visit the woods while they are languidly burning is a strange piece of experience. The fire passes through the underbrush at a run. Every here and there a tree flares up instantaneously from root to summit, scattering tufts of flame, and is quenched, it seems, as quickly. But this last is only in semblance. For after this first squib-like conflagration of the dry moss and twigs, there remains behind a deep-rooted and consuming fire in the very entrails of the tree. The resin of the pitch-pine is principally condensed at the base of the bole and in the spreading roots. Thus, after the light, showy, skirmishing flames, which are only as the match to the explosion, have already scampered down the wind into the distance, the true harm is but beginning for this giant of the woods. You may approach the tree from one side, and see it, scorched indeed from top to bottom, but apparently survivor of the peril. Make the circuit, and there, on the other side of the column, is a clear mass of living coal, spreading like an ulcer; while underground, to their most extended fibre, the roots are being eaten out by fire, and the smoke is rising through the fissures to the surface. A little while, and, without a nod of warning, the huge pine-tree snaps off short across the ground and falls prostrate with a crash. Meanwhile the fire continues its silent business; the roots are reduced to a fine ash; and long afterwards, if you pass by, you will find the earth pierced with radiating galleries, and preserving the design of all these subterranean spurs, as though it were the mould for a new tree instead of the print of an old one. These pitch-pines of Monterey are, with the single exception of the Monterey cypress, the most fantastic of forest trees. No words can give an idea of the contortion of their growth; they might figure without change in a circle of the nether hell as Dante pictured it; and at the rate at which trees grow, and at which forest fires spring up and gallop through the hills of California, we may look forward to a time when there will not be one of them left standing in that land of their nativity. At least they have not so much to fear from the axe, but perish by what may be called a natural although a violent death; while it is man in his short-sighted greed that robs the country of the nobler red-wood. Yet a little while and perhaps all the hills of sea-board California may be as bald as Tamalpais.

I have an interest of my own in these forest fires, for I came so near to lynching on one occasion, that a braver man might have retained a thrill from the experience. I wished to be certain whether it was the moss, that quaint funereal ornament of California forests, which blazed up so rapidly when the flame first touched the tree. I suppose I must have been under the influence of Satan, for instead of plucking off a piece for my experiment, what should I do but walk up to a great pine-tree in a portion of the wood which had escaped so much as scorching, strike a match, and apply the flame gingerly to one of the tassels. The tree went off simply like a rocket; in three seconds it was a roaring pillar of fire. Close by I could hear the shouts of those who were at work combating the original conflagration. I could see the waggon that had brought them tied to a live oak in a piece of open; I could even catch the flash of an axe as it swung up through the underwood into the sunlight. Had any one observed the result of my experiment my neck was literally not worth a pinch of snuff; after a few minutes of passionate expostulation I should have been run up to a convenient bough.

To die for faction is a common evil;
But to be hanged for nonsense is the devil.

I have run repeatedly, but never as I ran that day. At night I went out of town, and there was my own par-

ticular fire, quite distinct from the other, and burning as I thought with even greater vigour.

But it is the Pacific that exercises the most direct and obvious power upon the climate. At sunset, for months together, vast, wet, melancholy fogs arise and come shoreward from the ocean. From the hill-top above Monterey the scene is often noble, although it is always sad. The upper air is still bright with sunlight; a glow still rests upon the Gabelano Peak; but the fogs are in possession of the lower levels; they crawl in scarves among the sandhills; they float, a little higher, in clouds of a gigantic size and often of a wild configuration; to the south, where they have struck the seaward shoulder of the mountains of Santa Lucia, they double back and spire up skyward like smoke. Where their shadow touches, colour dies out of the world. The air grows chill and deadly as they advance. The tradewind freshens, the trees begin to sigh, and all the windmills in Monterey are whirling and creaking and filling their cisterns with the brackish water of the sands. It takes but a little while till the invasion is complete. The sea, in its lighter order, has submerged the earth. Monterey is curtained in for the night in thick, wet, salt, and frigid clouds, so to remain till day returns; and before the sun's rays they slowly disperse and retreat in broken squadrons to the bosom of the sea. And yet often when the fog is thickest and most chill, a few steps out of the town and up the slope, the night will be dry and warm and full of inland perfume.

MEXICANS, AMERICANS, AND INDIANS

The history of Monterey has yet to be written. Founded by Catholic missionaries, a place of wise beneficence to Indians, a place of arms, a Mexican capital continually wrested by one faction from another, an American capital when the first House of Representatives held its deliberations, and then falling lower and lower from the capital of a State to the capital of a county, and from that again, by the loss of its charter and town lands, to a mere bankrupt village, its rise and decline is typical of that of all Mexican institutions and even Mexican families in California.

Nothing is stranger in that strange State than the rapidity with which the soil has changed hands. The Mexicans, you may say, are all poor and landless, like their former capital; and yet both it and they hold themselves apart and preserve their ancient customs and something of their ancient air.

The town, when I was there, was a place of two or three streets, economically paved with sea-sand, and two or three lanes, which were watercourses in the rainy season, and were, at all times, rent up by fissures four or five feet deep. There were no street lights. Short sections of wooden sidewalk only added to the dangers of the night, for they were often high above the level of the roadway, and no one could tell where they would be likely to begin or end. The houses were, for the most part, built of unbaked adobe brick, many of them old for so new a country, some of very elegant proportions, with low, spacious, shapely rooms, and walls so thick that the heat of summer never dried them to the heart. At the approach of the rainy season a deathly chill and a graveyard smell began to hang about the lower floors; and diseases of the chest were common and fatal among house-keeping people of either sex.

There was no activity but in and around the saloons, where people sat almost all day long playing cards. The smallest excursion was made on horseback. You could scarcely ever see the main street without a horse or two tied to posts, and making a fine figure with their Mexican housings. It struck me oddly to come across some of the *Cornhill* illustrations to Mr. Blackmore's *Erema,* and see all the characters astride on English saddles. As a matter of fact, an English saddle is a rarity even in San Francisco, and, you may say, a thing unknown in all the rest of California. In a place so exclusively Mexican as Monterey, you saw not only Mexican saddles but true Vaquero riding—men always at the hand-gallop up hill and down dale, and round the sharpest corner, urging their horses with cries and gesticulations and cruel rotatory spurs, checking them dead with a touch, or wheeling them right-about-face in a square yard. The type of face and character of bearing are surprisingly un-American. The first ranged from something like the pure Spanish, to something, in its sad fixity, not unlike the pure Indian, although I do not suppose there was one pure blood of either race in all the country. As for the second, it was a matter of perpetual surprise to find, in that world of absolutely mannerless Americans, a people full of deportment, solemnly courteous, and doing all things with grace and decorum. In dress they ran to colour and bright sashes. Not even the most Americanised could always resist the temptation to stick a red rose into his hatband. Not even the most Americanised would descend to wear the vile dress hat of civilisation. Spanish was the language of the streets. It was difficult to get along without a word or two of that language for an occasion. The only communications in which the population joined were with a view to amusement. A weekly public ball took place with great etiquette, in addition to the numerous fandangoes in private houses. There was a really fair amateur brass band. Night after night serenaders would be going about the street, sometimes in a company and with several instruments and voices together, sometimes severally, each guitar before a different window. It was a strange thing to lie awake in nineteenth-century America, and hear the guitar accompany, and one of these old, heart-breaking Spanish love songs mount into the night air, perhaps in a deep baritone, perhaps in that high-pitched, pathetic, womanish alto which is so common among Mexican men, and which strikes on the unaccustomed ear as something not entirely human but altogether sad.

The town, then, was essentially and wholly Mexican; and yet almost all the land in the neighbourhood was held by Americans, and it was from the same class, numerically so small, that the principal officials were selected. This Mexican and that Mexican would describe to you his old family estates, not one rood of which remained to him. You would ask him how that came about, and elicit some tangled story back-foremost, from which you gathered that the Americans had been greedy like designing men, and the Mexicans greedy like children, but no other certain fact. Their merits and their faults contributed alike to the ruin of the former landholders. It is true they were improvident, and easily dazzled with the sight of ready money; but they were gentle-folk besides, and that in a way which curiously unfitted them to combat Yankee craft. Suppose they have a paper to sign, they would think it a reflection on the other party to examine the terms with any great minuteness; nay, suppose them to observe some doubtful clause, it is ten to one they would refuse from delicacy to object to it. I know I am speaking within the mark, for I have seen such a case occur, and the Mexican, in spite of the advice of his lawyer, has signed the imperfect paper like a lamb. To have spoken in the matter, he said, above all to have let the other party guess that he had seen a lawyer, would have 'been like doubting his word.' The scruple sounds oddly to one of ourselves, who have been brought up to understand all business as a competition in fraud, and honesty itself to be a virtue which regards the carrying out but not the creation of agreements. This single unworldly trait will account for much of that revolution of which we are speaking. The Mexicans have the name of being great swindlers, but certainly the accusation cuts both ways. In a contest of this sort, the entire booty would scarcely have passed into the hands of the more scrupulous race.

Physically the Americans have triumphed; but it is not entirely seen how far they have themselves been morally conquered. This is, of course, but a part of a part of an extraordinary problem now in the course of being solved in the various states of the American Union. I am reminded of an anecdote. Some years ago, at a great sale of wine, all the odd lots were purchased by a grocer in a small way in the old town of Edinburgh. The agent had the curiosity to visit him some time after and inquire what possible use he could have for such material. He was shown, by way of answer, a huge vat where all the liquors, from humble Gladstone to imperial Tokay, were fermented together. 'And what,' he asked, 'do you propose to call this?' 'I'm not very sure,' replied the grocer, 'but I think it's going to turn out port.' In the older Eastern States, I think we may say that this hotch-potch of races is going to turn out English, or thereabout. But the problem is definitely varied in other zones. The elements are differently mingled in the south, in what we may call the Territorial belt, and in the group of States on the Pacific coast. Above all, in these last, we may look to see some monstrous hybrid— whether good or evil, who shall forecast? but certainly original and all their own. In my little restaurant at Monterey, we have sat down to table day after day, a Frenchman, two Portuguese, an Italian, a Mexican, and a Scotchman: we had for common visitors an American from Illinois, a nearly pure blood Indian woman, and a naturalised Chinese; and from time to time a Switzer and a German came down from country ranches for the night. No wonder that the Pacific coast is a foreign land to visitors from the Eastern States, for each race contributes something of its own. Even the despised Chinese have taught the youth of California, none indeed of their virtues, but the debasing use of opium. And chief among these influences is that of the Mexicans.

The Mexicans although in the State are out of it. They still preserve a sort of international independence, and keep their affairs snug to themselves. Only four or five years ago, Vasquez, the bandit, his troops being dispersed and the hunt too hot for him in other parts of California, returned to his native Monterey, and was seen publicly in her streets and saloons, fearing no man. The year that I was there there occurred two reputed murders. As the Montereyans are exceptionally vile speakers of each other and of every one behind his back, it is not possible for me to judge how much truth there may have been in these reports; but in the one case every one believed, and in the other some suspected, that there had been foul play; and nobody dreamed for an instant of taking the authorities into their counsel. Now this is, of course, characteristic enough of the Mexicans; but it is a noteworthy feature that all Americans in Monterey acquiesced without a word in this inaction. Even when I spoke to them upon the subject, they seemed not to understand my surprise; they had forgotten the traditions of their own race and upbringing, and become, in a word, wholly Mexicanized.

Again, the Mexicans, having no ready money to speak of, rely almost entirely in their business transactions upon each other's worthless paper. Pedro the penniless pays you with an I O U from the equally penniless Miguel. It is a sort of local currency by courtesy. Credit in these parts has passed into a superstition. I have seen a strong, violent man strugling for months to recover a debt, and getting nothing but an exchange of waste paper. The very storekeepers are averse to asking for cash payments, and are more surprised than pleased when they are offered. They fear there must be something under it, and that you mean to withdraw your custom from them. I have seen the enterprising chemist and stationer begging me with fervour to let my account run on, although I had my purse open in my hand; and partly from the commonness of the case, partly from some remains of that generous old Mexican tradition which made all men welcome to their tables, a person may be notoriously both unwilling and unable to pay, and still find credit for the necessaries of life in the stores of Monterey. Now this villainous habit of living upon 'tick' has grown into Californian nature. I do not mean that the American and European storekeepers of Monterey are as lax as Mexicans; I mean that American farmers in many parts of the State expect unlimited credit, and profit by it in the meanwhile, without a thought for consequences.

In the meantime, however, the Americans rule in Monterey County. The new county seat, Salinas City, in the bald, corn-bearing plain under the Gabelano Peak, is a town of purely American character. The land is held, for the most part, in those enormous tracts which are another legacy of Mexican days, and form the present chief danger and disgrace of California; and the holders are mostly of American or British birth. We have here in England no idea of the troubles and inconveniences which flow from the existence of these large landholders —land-thieves, land-sharks, or land-grabbers, they are more commonly and plainly called. Thus the townlands of Monterey are all in the hands of a single man. How they came there is an obscure, vexatious question, and, rightly or wrongly, the man is hated with a great hatred. His life has been repeatedly in danger. Not very long ago, I was told, the stage was stopped and examined three evenings in succession by disguised horsemen thirsting for his blood. A certain house on the Salinas road, they say, he always passes in his buggy at full speed, for the squatter sent him warning long ago. But a year since he was publicly pointed out for death by no less a man than Mr. Dennis Kearney. Kearney is a man too well known in California, but a word of explanation is required for English readers. Originally an Irish drayman, he rose, by his command of bad language, to almost dictatorial authority in the State; throned it there for six months or so, his mouth full of oaths, gallowses, and conflagrations; was first snuffed out last winter by Mr. Coleman, backed by his San Francisco Vigilantes and three gatling guns; completed his own ruin by throwing in his lot with the grotesque Greenbacker party; and had at last to be rescued by his old enemies, the police, out of the hands of his rebellious followers. It was while he was at the top of his fortune that Kearney visited Monterey with his battle-cry against Chinese labour, the railroad monopolists, and the land-thieves; and his one articulate counsel to the Montereyans was to 'hang David Jacks.' Had the town been American, in my private opinion, this would have been done years ago. Land is a subject on which there is no jesting in the West, and I have seen my friend the lawyer drive out of Monterey to adjust a competition of titles with the face of a captain going into battle and his Smith-and-Wesson convenient

Continued

The Old Pacific Capital

Continued from page 89

to his hand.

On the ranche of another of these landholders you may find our old friend, the truck system, in full operation. Men live there, year in year out, to cut timber for a nominal wage, which is all consumed in supplies. The longer they remain in this desirable service the deeper they will fall in debt—a burlesque injustice in a new country, where labour should be precious, and one of those typical instances which explains the prevailing discontent and the success of the demagogue Kearney.

In a comparison between what was and what is in California, the praisers of times past will fix upon the Indians of Carmel. The valley drained by the river so named is a true Californian valley, bare, dotted with chaparral, overlooked by quaint, unfinished hills. The Carmel runs by many pleasant farms, a clear and shallow river, loved by wading kine; and at last, as it is falling towards a quicksand and the great Pacific, passes a ruined mission on a hill. From the mission church the eye embraces a great field of ocean, and the ear is filled with a continuous sound of distant breakers on the shore. But the day of the Jesuit has gone by, the day of the Yankee has succeeded, and there is no one left to care for the converted savage. The church is roofless and ruinous, sea-breezes and sea-fogs, and the alternation of the rain and sunshine, daily widening the breaches and casting the crockets from the wall. As an antiquity in this new land, a quaint specimen of missionary architecture, and a memorial of good deeds, it had a triple claim to preservation from all thinking people; but neglect and abuse have been its portion. There is no sign of American interference, save where a headboard has been torn from a grave to be a mark for pistol bullets. So it is with the Indians of Carmel. Only one day in the year, the day befor our Guy Fawkes, the *padre* drives over the hill from Monterey; the little sacristy, which is the only covered portion of the church, is filled with seats and decorated for the service; the Indians troop together, their bright dresses contrasting with their dark and melancholy faces; and there, among a crowd of somewhat unsympathetic holiday-makers, you may hear God served with perhaps more touching circumstances than in any other temple under heaven. An Indian, stone-blind and about eighty years of age, conducts the singing; other Indians compose the choir; yet they have the Gregorian music at their finger ends, and pronounce the Latin so correctly that I could follow the meaning as they sang. The pronunciation was odd and nasal, the singing hurried and staccato. 'In sæcula sæculo-ho-horum,' they went, with a vigorous aspirate to every additional syllable. I have never seen faces more vividly lit up with joy than the faces of these Indian singers. It was to them not only the worship of God, nor an act by which they recalled and commemorated better days, but was besides an exercise of culture, where all they knew of art and letters was united and expressed. And it made a man's heart sorry for the good fathers of yore who had taught them to dig and to reap, to read and to sing, who had given them European mass-books which they still preserve and study in their cottages, and who had now passed away from all authority and influence in that land—to be succeeded by greedy land-thieves and sacrilegious pistol-shots. So ugly a thing may our Anglo-Saxon Protestantism appear beside the doings of the Society of Jesus.

But revolution in this world succeeds to revolution. All that I say in this paper is in a paulo-past tense. The Monterey of last year exists no longer. A huge hotel has sprung up in the desert by the railway. Three sets of diners sit down successively to table. Invaluable toilettes figure along the beach and between the live oaks; and Monterey is advertised in the newspapers, and posted in the waiting-rooms at railway stations, as a resort for wealth and fashion. Alas for the little town! it is not strong enough to resist the influence of the flaunting caravanserai, and the poor, quaint, penniless native gentlemen of Monterey must perish, like a lower race, before the millionaire vulgarians of the Big Bonanza.

[1880.]

Path of History Guide - Monterey Today

HISTORIC BUILDINGS OPEN TO PUBLIC

10 a.m. to 3 p.m.

STATE HISTORIC MONUMENTS

Old Custom House 3
Pacific Building 5
Casa Del Oro 6
Viscaino—Portola Landing . . . . . .
First Theater 9
Larkin House 17
Stevenson House 26

CITY HISTORIC MONUMENTS

Colton Hall 15

The Royal Presidio, San Carlos Church, and some buildings now housing businesses are also open.

Numbers on this page correspond to adjoining page map. Arrows point to an actual route marked on street, by the Monterey History and Art Association in cooperation with the city.

OLD MONTEREY

Numbers followed by capital letters (e.g. 8-A) indicate historic buildings and sites that are not directly on the "Path of History," but can be readily visited from correspondingly numbered points (e.g. 8)

Start of Tour — Fremont and Church Streets. Follow the orange line painted on the pavement.

1 Royal Presidio Chapel of San Carlos de Borromeo. Founded by Father Serra 1770. Present church, which stood within the walls of the Spanish Presidio, was completed 1795.

2 First French Consulate. Moved from original site on Fremont. Occupied in 1840s by first French Consulate to California.

2-C Note: Adjacent to the French Consulate is the Chamber of Commerce information bureau where maps and information may be obtained.

3 Old Custom House. Built during the Mexican period. This is the oldest government building in California. Here Commodore John Drake Sloat raised the United States flag, July 7, 1846. State Historical Monument.

4 Fisherman's Wharf. A picturesque and busy place. A favorite spot for tourists and artists.

5 Pacific Building. Built in 1847. Used as hotel, County Court House, tavern, etc., in early days. State Historical Monument.

6 Casa del Oro. Built in 1845. Has served as store, saloon and private residence. State Historical Monument.

7 First Brick House. Built in 1847 by Gallant Dickenson of bricks kilned in Monterey.

8 Old Whaling Station. Built as a home in the 1840's by David Wright. Later, in 1850's, headquarters of a Portuguese whaling company.

8-A Vizcaino-Portolo-Serra Landing Place. A stone monument marks the spot where Vizcaino landed in 1602 and where Portola and Father Serra met June 3, 1770, to hold services and found Monterey.

8-B Serra Monument. Erected by Mrs. Jane Stanford, wife of the founder of Stanford University.

8-C El Castillo. Early Spanish gun emplacement commanding the harbor. Used in 1818 by Gov. Sola in a futile attempt to defend Monterey from attack by vessels flying the Argentine flag.

8-D Sloat Monument. Erected by combined efforts of various societies, patriotic organizations, and U. S. Government.

9 First Theatre. Built in late 1840's by Jack Swan. Used at various times as a sailor's boarding house, whaler's house, and it was here that an admittance charge to a theatrical performance was first made. State Historical Monument.

9-A Doud House. Home built in early American period by Francis Doud. Still owned by the Doud family.

10 Casa Soberanes. Built for Don Jose Rafael Estrada in the Mexican period. Later sold to the Soberanes family. State Historical Monument. (Not open to public).

11 Merritt House. Home of Judge Josiah Merritt, first District Judge of Monterey County in the 1850's.

12 Casa Soto. Built in the Mexican period on land that had been the property of Don Feliciano Soberanes, as a home for Jesus Soto.

12-A Casa Serrano. Home of Don Florencio Serrano, Alcalde (Mayor), and school teacher of the Mexican period.

13 Casa Alvarado. Charming home of the Mexican period, once owned by Gov. Juan Bautista Alvarado.

14 Casa Vasquez. Originally a one-story adobe, owned by relatives of Tiburcio Vasquez, Monterey's bandito, whom he often visited.

14-A Gordon House. Built in early 1850's of milled lumber from Australia. One of first "pre-fabricated" houses in California.

14-B Casa de la Torre. Home of Don Jose de la Torre. Built in Mexican period.

15 Colton Hall. Old Town Hall, built by first American Alcalde, Walter Colton, 1847-49. This building was used as the meeting place of the Constitutional Convention of 1849. City of Monterey Museum on second floor. The jail adjoining was built 1845.

16 Brown-Underwood adobe. Built in Mexican period by James Stokes, long home of the Brown-Underwood families. Now the executive offices, City of Monterey.

17 Larkin House. Built in 1835 by Thomas Oliver Larkin for residence and merchandise store. From 1844 to 1846 this was the American consulate in California. This was the first house of the style now so widely known under the name of Monterey Architecture. State Historical Monument.

18 Sherman's Quarters. Built in late 1830's by Larkin. Occupied in 1847 by Lieut. Wm. T. Sherman (later General).

19 House of the Four Winds. Built in late 1830's by Larkin. Named for the weathervane.

20 Casa Gutierrez. Home of Joaquin Gutierrez in Mexican period. State Historical Monument. Connecting house was home of Graciano Manjares in Mexican period.

21 Stokes adobe. Home of Dr. James Stokes who arrived in California in 1834. Scene of many dramatic incidents in early days.

21-A Casa Joaquin de Soto. Built prior to 1830.

22 Casa de la Torre. Built in Mexican period. Home of Gabriel de la Torre. Also used as a Federal Court.

23 Casa Amesti. Built in early Mexican period by Don Jose Amesti, who married a sister of General Vallejo. Now owned by National Trust for Historic Preservation.

24 Casa Alvarado. Residence of Don Juan Bautista Alvarado, Gov. of California 1836-1842. Originally two story with balcony.

24-A Casa Sanchez. Built in Mexican period. Only old building on Alvarado street to retain its balcony.

25 Cooper House. Built in 1826 by Juan Bautista Roger Cooper, sea-captain, who married a sister of General Vallejo.

25-A Casa Estrada. Now known as Mission Inn. Built in Mexican era by Estrada family. Later enlarged and known as St. Charles Hotel.

26 Stevenson House. Built in late 1830's by Don Rafael Gonzales as home. Later the home and store of Girardin family with whom R. L. Stevenson roomed in fall of 1879. State Historical Monument.

27 Casa Abrego. Built by Don Jose Abrego in late 1830's. In its construction were used timbers of the "Natalie" wrecked on the beach in 1834, and said to be the vessel on which Napoleon had escaped from Elba.

28 Casa Pacheco. Built in late Mexican period by Don Francisco Pacheco, a soldier and public official.

28-A Casa Madariaga. Originally a simple Mexican adobe home.

28-B Casa Munras. Built 1822-24 by Don Esteban Munras. One of first homes built outside the walls of the old Spanish Presidio. Modernized, and converted into a hotel.

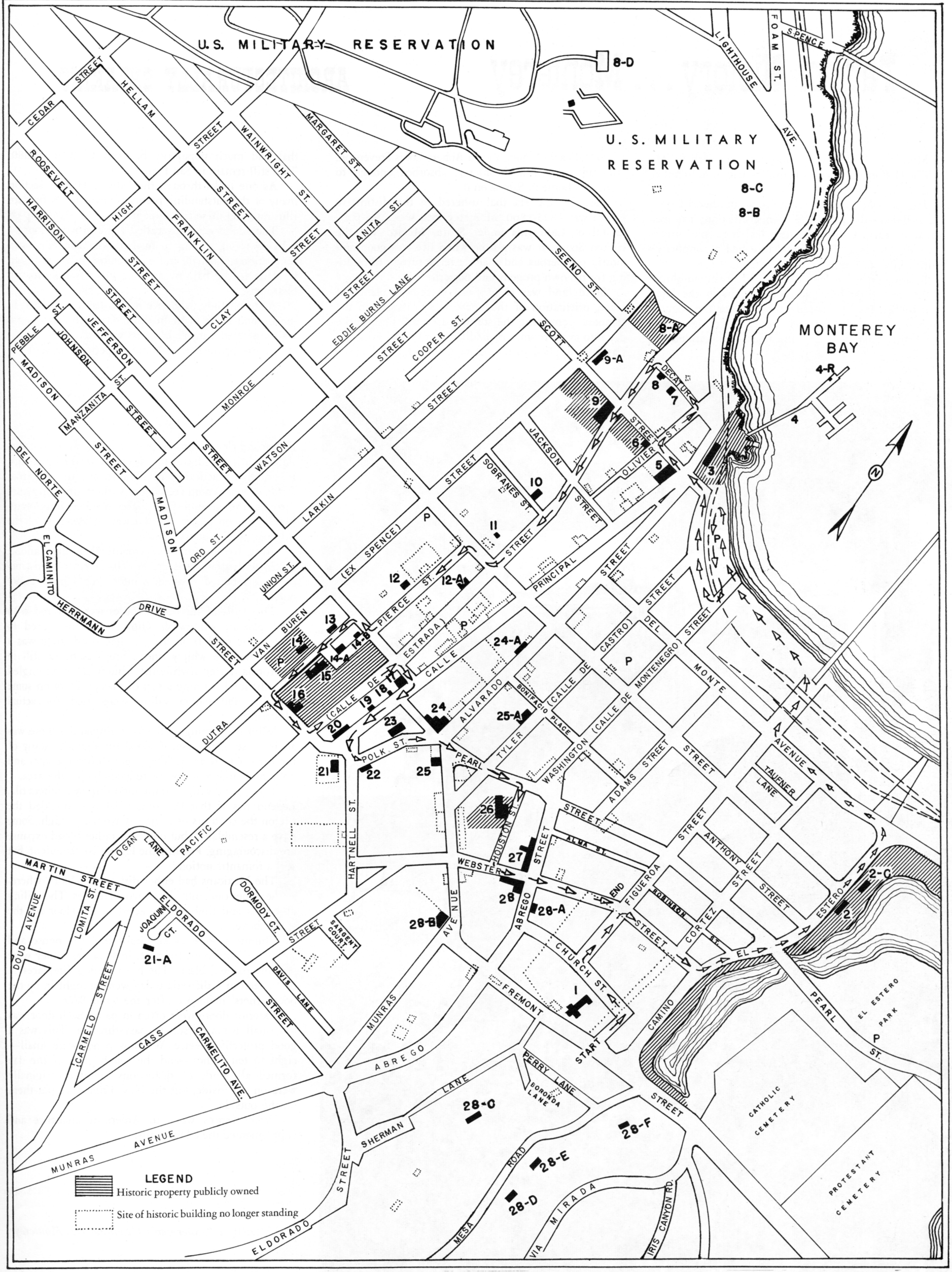
28-C, 28-D, 28-E, 28-F Private homes, not open to public.

28-C Casa Boronda. Built in 1817 by Don Manuel Boronda, soldier and teacher of boys. Only adobe in California in continuous use as residence since 1817.

28-D Casa Bonifacio. "The Sherman Rose" adobe. Moved from original location on Alvarado Street. Sherman is said to have courted Senorita Maria Ignacia Bonifacio.

28-E Casa Castro. Present home built around a small adobe, former home of General Jose Castro.

28-F Casa Buelna. Erected in Spanish period by Antonio Buelna. In the early days a "select school" for girls was maintained here by Hilaria Buelna.



MAP reproduced by courtesy of Monterey Peninsula Chamber of Commerce

Path of History . . . Monterey

ARCHITECTURALLY SPEAKING

Monterey's distinctive architecture, revealed in its Path of History, has been a major contribution to both the State and the Nation.

The early Missions were definitely an import from Spain. But in Monterey, the Spanish-Mexican-Yankee capital of early California, they had a simple intermingling of ideas. The architecture had a simplicity built mainly on need.

It went on to influence the Californian building of the day throughout the State, again in the late 1920's when the tile roofed adobe became the vogue. More recently its effect has been seen in the post-adobe, the shake roof and the house built around a patio.

Significantly enough even Robert Louis Stevenson, after an autumn in Monterey, absorbed enough to model his home in Samoa on it.

Basically the era that ushered in the distinctive period was 1825-1860. Monterey then was a sea port, capital of California under Spain, Mexico and the United States. It was a time when life was good and mostly prosperous and man's energy turned to building for his own progeny and posterity.

Since land was cheap, and there was plenty of space, orientation of the house was crosswise to the compass, permitting the sun to pass some time in the day into every room. (A modification of this principle was later applied to the "American Octagon House" that had much popularity between 1850 and 1880. Two still remain in San Francisco.)

As one looks through the Path of History section many of the outstanding points are evident. A few are illustrated on these facing pages.

The adobe generally called for a ground floor of a living room, dining room, ballroom (an American innovation), kitchen and storerooms. A veranda led to stairs to the balcony and the upstairs interlinking bedrooms.

A store, study, or office might also be attached to the ground floor plan. In those days before zoning a wall separated a man's business world from his home.

In the Spanish and Mexican period the stairs to the second floor bedrooms were usually on the outside. Although legend has it that it encouraged elopements, it had other practical points. The señor returning from a ride or work could freshen up without dragging mud through the ground floor. The Yankee immigrant, however, soon placed the stairway inside. Few of the original outside stairs remain.

Since trees were more trouble than dirt, adobe, mixed with straw, was the principal item of construction. It retained heat in winter, kept the summer outside.

The walls of the better houses were covered with mud plaster; whitewash (lime) was then used to protect the mud from the weather—and there was a saying that the whitewasher's brush is never still in California. After a while the whitewash intermingled with the mud forming a sort of plaster. Later on some boarding and batten siding were used for actual plastering.

With the coming of the New Englander there was an increase in the use of wood throughout. Many of the early American builders were ship carpenters and both pine and redwood were available in the area.

Roofs were varied. Many used shingles, others tile. Legend has it that the Indian laborer moulded the tile on the contours of a shapely woman's thigh. Some have a resemblance, but others of rather broad expanse are discouraging. Possibly the legend is fraudulent, but still a romantic notion.

The Mexicans had either dirt or tile floors, whereas the Americans introduced wooden ones. The ceiling of beams and timbers also acted as the floor for the story above.

Chimneys were usually built into the house and were small and built for heat. In some cases they were sensibly painted black. The big yawning fireplaces so often seen in California today were brought in by the Southerners' influence after the Civil War.

Exterior doors were often in pairs. Each door was too small for a person to pass through. This was a good protective device. Window panes were small—eight to ten inches—and the rough glass of the day formed all kinds of distortions. Shutters originally were on the inside, but the New Englander put them on the outside.

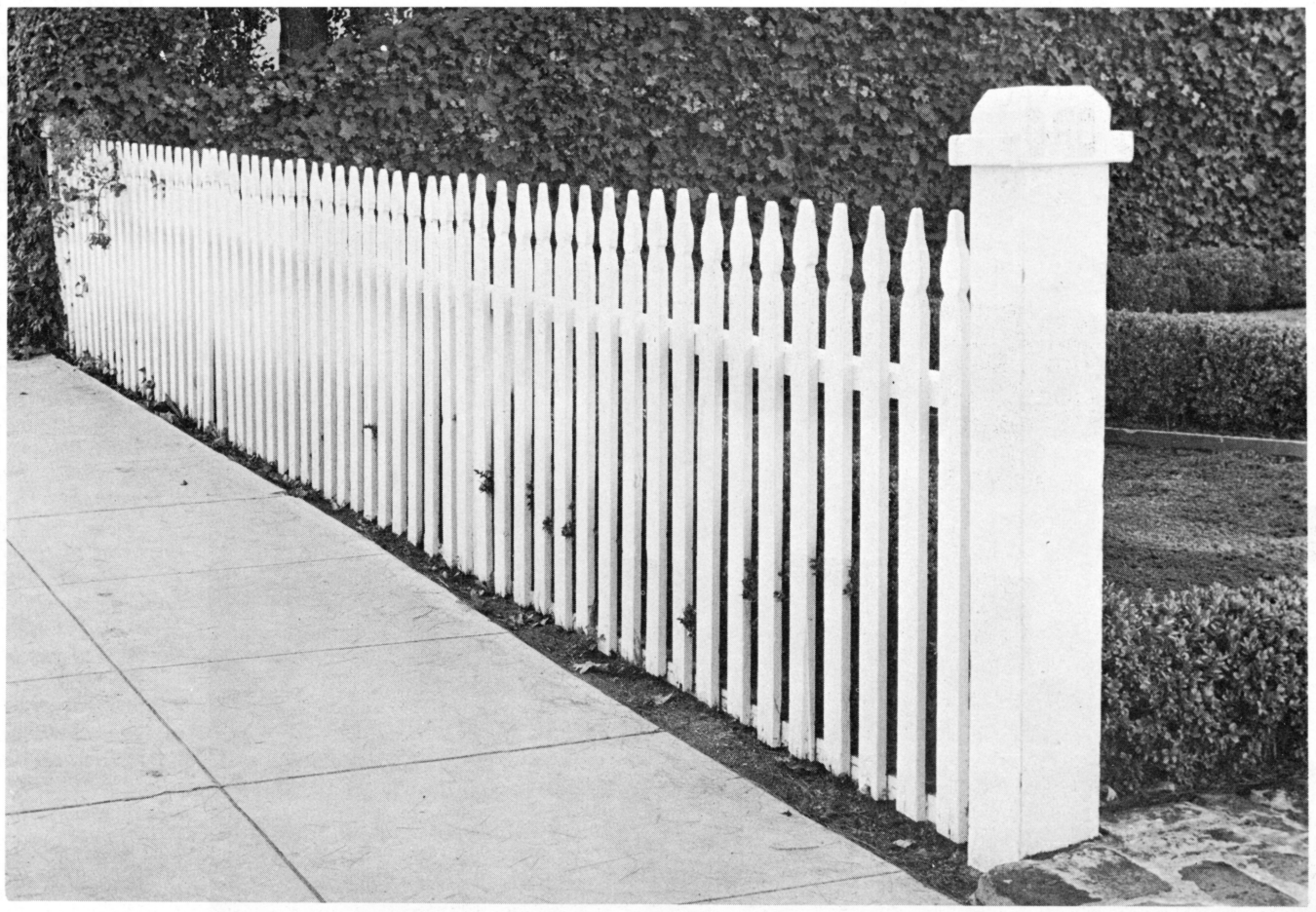
Picket fences were an American influence and supplemented the adobe walls.

DOORWAY, Sherman's Headquarters, Monterey

LEGEND has it that the Indians moulded the tile over a woman's shapely thigh. Original tiles here were obtained from the State Division of Beaches and Parks.

OUTDOOR shutters were a New England import.

PICKET fence was an import from the South.



COLTON HALL

BUILT by prison labor, friendly subscription, and court fines, Monterey's Colton Hall has more the looks and feeling of an old Southern manse than the historic first capitol building of the state.

However, in 1849, *it was one of the most imposing buildings in California, had the largest meeting space, a main consideration for the state constitutional convention being held here.*

The Reverend Walter Colton, who was first appointed provisional American Alcalde by Commodore Stockton in July 1846, *was largely responsible for its construction.*

Colton also established the first American newspaper in the state, the Californian, *now extinct. He used an old printing press brought twenty years previous by a Mexican governor to be used in the manufacture of cigaritos.*

In March 1849 *he worte:*

"The town hall, on which I have been at work for more than a year, is finished. It is a building of white stone quarried from a neighboring hill and which easily takes the shape you desire.

"The lower apartments are for schools, the hall over them, seventy by thirty feet, is for public assemblies.

"The front is ornamented witha portico, which you enter from the hall. It is not an edifice that would attract any attention among public buildings in the United States, but in California it is without a rival.

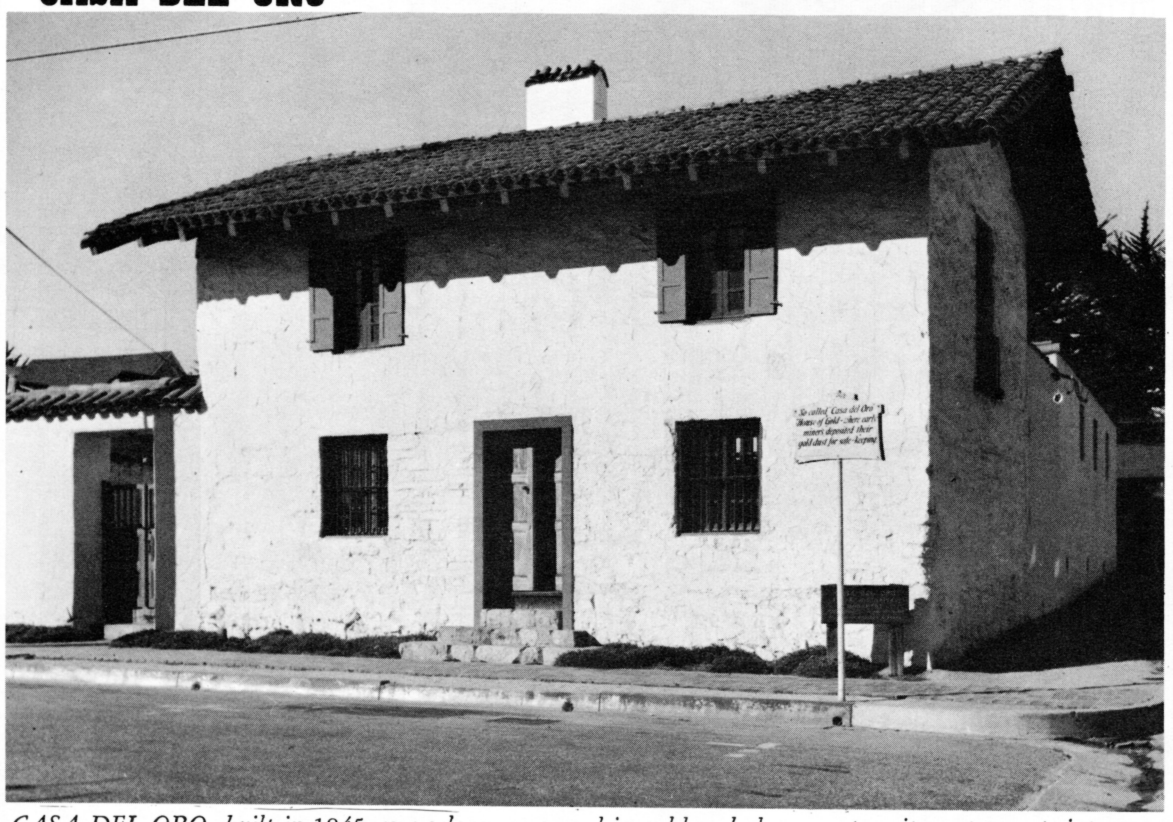
"It has been erected out of the slender proceeds of town lots, the labor of convicts, taxes on liquor shops and fines on gamblers. The scheme was regarded with incredulity by many, but the building is finished and the citizens have assembled in it and christened it after my name, which will go down to posterity with the odor of gamblers, convicts and tipplers."

The Hall today bears the unique distinction of being used as a housing unit of some City offices, with a portion reserved as a museum of the past.

It is interesting that Monterey gained a state capitol because it had a building big enough; soon lost it to Vallejo and San Jose whose city fathers promised more pretentious legislative halls. All finally lost out to a gold-rush enrichened Sacramento that could promise more.

Efforts in recent years to return the capital to Monterey have been mainly political gestures of the moment.

CASA DEL ORO



CASA DEL ORO, built in 1845 *as a saloon, was used in gold rush days as a transitory storage point.*

CALIFORNIA'S FIRST THEATRE

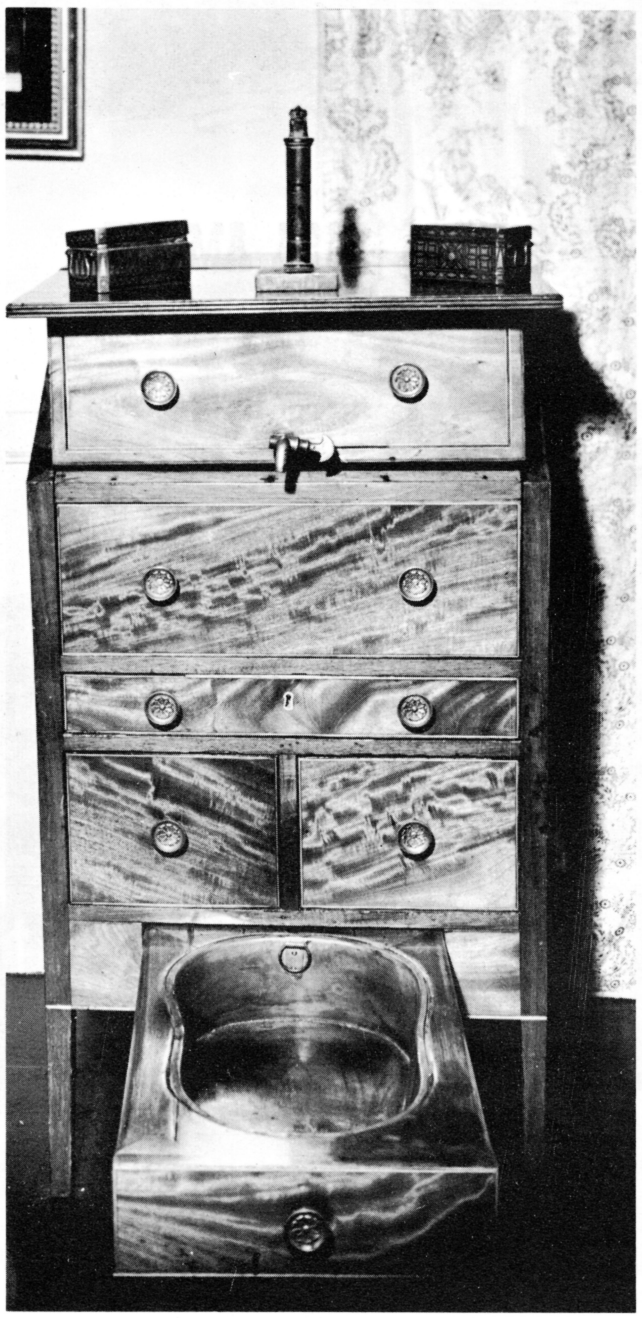
After the Mexican War, California's first theater got its start.

In 1846, *Jack Swan, an English sailor, built a boarding house and saloon on the corner of Pacific and Scott Streets. He let a group of soldiers use part of the building to conduct plays. A stage was built, and Shakespeare and other less classical plays were conducted by candlelight. Although a State Historical Monument, the building is now consigned to private management for theatrical purposes.*

THE CASA AMESTI was built by Spanish-Basque Jose Amesti in 1825. *He came to Monterey a few years previous, married Prudenciana Vallejo, sister of the powerful General Vallejo. In recent years there has been a flood of new clubs on the Monterey Peninsula, and among these is the "Old Capitol Club" which now occupies the house.*

CASA AMESTI

THE LARKIN HOUSE



ARMY officer's field chest

LARKIN, who made General Fremont a millionaire, helped steal California from Mexico, spearheaded the California Constitutional Convention, was the man who built some of Monterey's most prominent adobes.

His original home and store, built in 1834-37 on Jefferson Street, is now a State Historical Monument.

Thomas O. Larkin started out in Boston to learn the "art of making books." He soon left the East for North Carolina. After ten years as a merchant he came to Monterey in 1830. At first he worked for his half-brother, Captain John Cooper, but by 1833 he had amassed a capital of $500 and decided to open his own store. It sold merchandise, produce and liquors.

Larkin, in his earl ythirties, branched out as a builder-contractor, land-owner and founder of the first double-geared flour mill in Monterey.

In 1834 he began construction on his famous Jefferson Street adobe that shows the influence of Spain, New England and the South. It was originally built to house a store and as a home for his bride, Mrs. Rachel Hobson Holmes, the widow of a sea captain.

Although Larkin refused Mexican citizenship, he obtained a privileged "carta" which was renewed from year to year. Within a short time he opened a branch store in Santa Cruz. From 1843 to 1848 he was the United States Consul at the Mexican Port of Monterey.

During the United States Mexican War (1846-48), he acted as the Nation's confidential agent, was influential in securing California for the United States. Later he was a member of the California Constitutional Convention. Still later he was a partner of Henry Semple in founding the town of Benicia.

Larkin also was accidentally responsible for securing a hunk of land in the Mother Lode country for General Fremont. Although Fremont was furious with Larkin for substituting a worthless mountain tract, prefering a purchase of land elsewhere, the Mother Lode piece turned out to have gold on it. Fremont ended up a millionaire on his $3500 investment.

The Larkin House was recently given to the State by his granddaughter, Mrs. Henry W. Toulmin. It is now open to the public.

Larkin, who kept copious notes on everything, records that his house and land cost him a total of $3,843. This included furnishings. Historians estimate that $5,000 would be a more accurate figure.

However, a few interesting costs show up in Larkin's diary: 21,000 shingles—$210, 12,000 adobe bricks—$180, eight laborers and materials for foundation including seven days' work —$38.

Larkin's notes also throw some light on entertainment expenses of the era.

After a cascarone ball he notes the following expenses:

"Two dozen bottles of wine, $19. One and a half-dozen bottles of beer, $13.50. Thirty pies, $13. Cakes, $12. Case of raisins, $4. Cheese, $1.50. Nine bottles of whiskey, $13.50. Music, $25. Nine pounds of sperm candles, $9. Five pounds of sugar, $3. Other eatables, $5. Servants, $4.

The house as it stands today is in excellent repair due to Mrs. Toulmin's interest and contains many expensive historical pieces of furniture.

OLD CUSTOM HOUSE STATE HISTORICAL MONUMENT

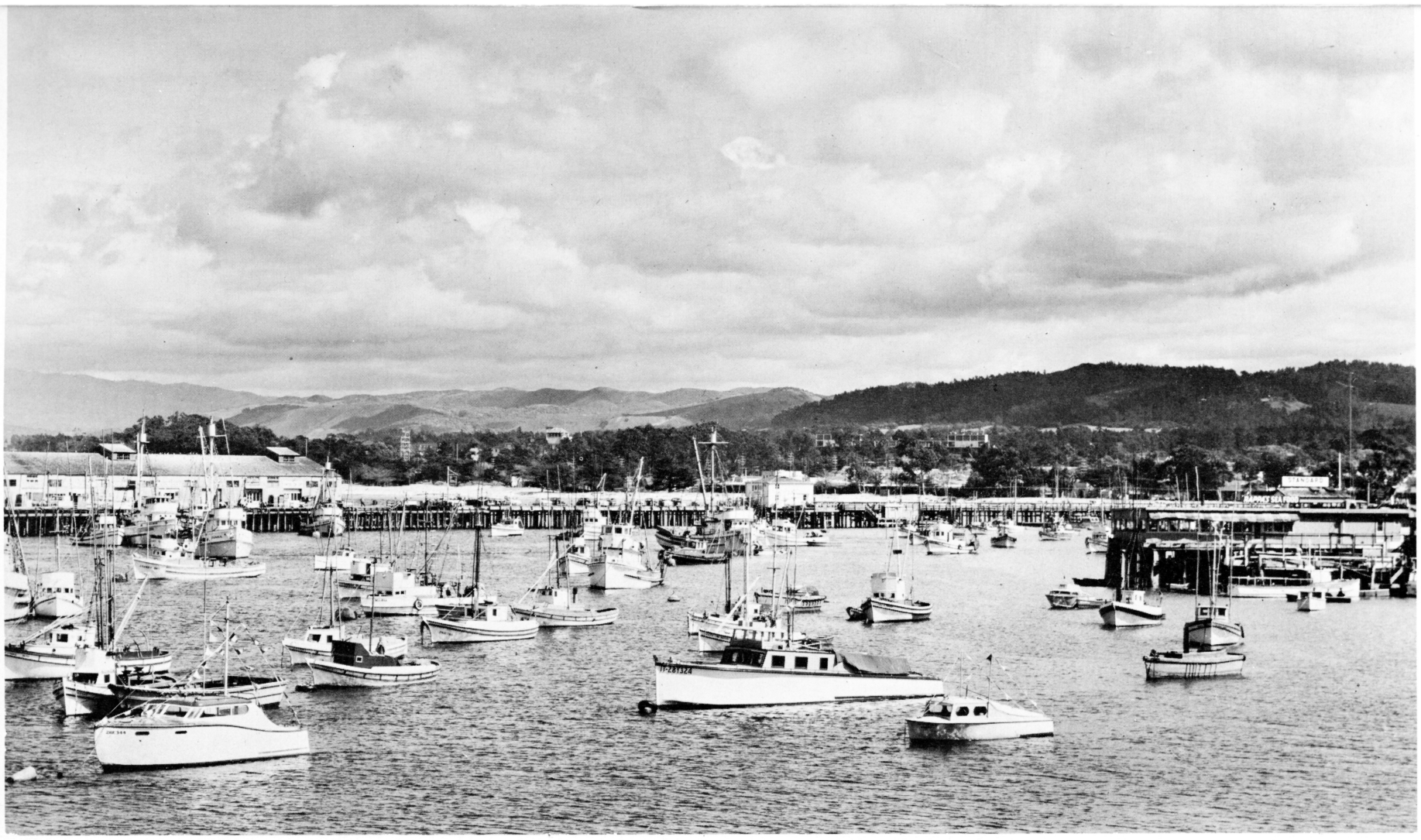
For over a century the Old Custom House has stood overlooking Monterey Harbor; floated the flags of three nations, Spain, Mexico and the United States, and seen two other countries, France and Russia, vie for its possession.

The building today exudes history in a nice way. Inside are blended the historic depositories of its marriage of nations. A couple of these are shown below. At left is part of a firearms collection of various periods. At the right is the harpoon and bow of a whaling ship, used in the 1870's when Monterey was a center for the California's whaling fleet.

The harpoon is pointed at the dress worn by the "Sherman's Rose." General Tecumseh Sherman ("war is hell") was here as a Lieutenant in 1847. On leaving, so the legend goes, he and Senorita Maria Bonifacio planted a rose. Sherman said he would return to marry the gal by the time the rose bloomed. He never returned, married another woman, went on to fight the Civil War. However, years later his son visited the still unmarried Senorita. The son later become a monk at Santa Barbara.

The Custom House is credited with being the oldest building in California constructed by the Mexican Government.

As nearly as can be ascertained the first north end was built in 1814, when Spain was fighting Napoleon. After Mexico broke with Spain in 1822, the lower north section was built as a custom house warehouse. The upper story was added in 1841. In 1847 Commodore John Drake Sloat raised the American flag, signalizing the end of California rule under Mexico. The ceremony is re-enacted each year.



HARBOR, WHALING, OTTERS

MONTEREY HARBOR, once gateway to California, is quieter now. Gone is the whaling industry, which held sway for 35 years, the furry otter trade that nearly caused a war between the United States and Russia, and the sardine that rang Peninsula cash registers until a few years ago.

Harbor cash registers are kept ringing these days by tourists more often than by fisherman wages.

But among its monuments is its restored whaling station, once the cursing center of hard drinking, blood-sweating men. (See picture below) The old whaling building was built in 1855, about the same time as Monterey's first brick house, an ugly building that stands next door, and a pre-fab first frame house that still stands in the shadows of Colton Hall.

In that year Captain J. P. Davenport, bred out of the fish and boat capital of the East, Cape Cod, Massachusetts, sauntered into town, organized a whaling company of 21 men. In the same year a group of Portuguese, the Old Company, started with seventeen men and two boats.

After ten years the companies were consolidated and Monterey Cemetery had buried 13 victims of the Moby Dicks of Monterey Bay.

By the seventies the whales disappeared. Recently they have reappeared in more numbers on their annual winter trip to Mexican waters to propagate. But their passage here today is only an attraction for the alert eye of a tourist, a spectator-minded resident, or the wondering youngster.

Likewise, the otter that once made this an important port of call, is a government-protected recluse off the Big Sur coast. His present estimated population is 550 against a century ago's two million.

Then four nations fought over his hide.

So profitable was he that the Spanish fought and cheated the Indians for his furs. So profitable that the Russians chased him 'clear' to Alaska and settled points along the northern California coast. So profitable, in fact, that the Americans, just before the Civil War, were engaged in what would be termed today a military action short of formal war with the Russians.

But by 1867 the otter that had seen Indians trading $8,000 worth fo hides for a rusted chisel; and the Russians, under similar economic impetus, killing 50,000 in a single five-year period, was no longer around.

So the Russians sold the iceberg called Alaska for 7½ million bucks and pulled out of Northern California.

And the sea otter was called extinct and went under government custody and Monterey harbor lost another item that made her a Port of Call.

ROYAL PRESIDIO CHAPEL

This Monterey Church was originally begun by Padre Junipero Serra on June 4, 1770, as the Royal Presidio Chapel of San Carlos De Borromeo. Its first building consisted of poles stuck into the ground and mud plaster. The present church, the only original Presidio Chapel building in existence in California, was dedicated in January 25, 1795. It was the place of worship of Spain's California governors. When Padre Serra built the Carmel Mission to be closer to the Indians of the Carmel Valley, the church became a chapel for the Presidio and a parish church for Monterey.

After the secularization of the Missions in 1834, the Carmel Mission was abandoned whereas the San Carlos Church of Monterey continued as a place of worship. The Carmel Mission was later restored.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON HOUSE

The Stevenson House, now a State Historical Monument, is of historical significance in several ways. Robert Louis Stevenson lived there in the autumn of 1879, *while courting his future wife Fanny Osbourne. Although Stevenson spent only a few months here as a Bohemian writer, the house has been made into a museum of the author, containing original documents and possessions of the Stevenson family. The building, which was originally two adjoining houses and stores, is a fine example of the adobe. Its rooms are filled with accurate paraphernalia of the era. The adobe was originally built by Don Rafael Gonzales, first Administrator of Customs for California. The house where Stevenson lived was the home of Jules Simoneau. While here Stevenson wrote an interesting sketch of early Monterey life, "The Old Pacific Capital".*

Top picture is of Stevenson's room, while bottom picture shows his steamer trunk and a Buddha returned here from his Samoan home.

A BEDROOM in the famous Stevenson house. In this unusual photo dress in closet seems to transcend time.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON HOUSE

Top photo is Stevenson's bedroom where he wrote while in Monterey. Photo at right is dining room of Stevenson House. Left, is children's bedroom which shows toys of the period.

HALLWAY IN STEVENSON house. For Monterey Path of History story see pages 87 *through* 104.